



No. CLXIII.]

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LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

MAY 1896.

Old Mr. Tredgold.

A STORY OF TWO SISTERS.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XLV.

MR. STURGEON arrived that evening with all his accounts and papers. He had not come, indeed, when Lady Somers left her sister to entertain James Stamford and joined her husband in the room which he had incontinently turned into a smoking-room, and which had already acquired that prevailing odour of tobacco and whiskey for which Mr. Tredgold's house had hitherto afforded no refuge. Stella had no objection to these odours. She told her husband that she had 'scuttled' in order to leave Kate alone with her visitor. 'For that's what he wants, of course,' she said. 'And Kate will be much better married. For one thing, with your general invitations and nonsense she might take it into her head she was to stay here, which would not suit my plans at all. I can't bear a sister always in the house.'

'It seems hard,' said Sir Charles, 'that you should take all her money and not even give her house room. I think it's a deuced hard case.'

'Bosh!' said Stella; 'I never took a penny of her money. Papa, I hope, poor old man, had a right to do whatever he liked

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with his own. She had it all her own way for seven long years. If she had been worth her salt she could have made him do anything she pleased in that time. We used to rely upon that, don't you remember? And a pretty business it would have been had we had nothing better to trust to. But he never meant to be hard upon Stella, I was always sure of that. Poor old papa! It was nice of him not to change his mind. But I can't see that Katherine's is any very hard case, for it was settled like this from the first.'

'A wrong thing isn't made right because it's been settled from the very first,' said Sir Charles oracularly.

'Don't be a fool, Charlie. Perhaps you'd like me to give it all away to Kate? It is a good thing for you and your spoiled little monkey Job that I am not such an idiot as that.'

'We should have expected our share had she had it,' said Somers always half inaudibly into his moustache.

'I daresay. But how different was that! In the first place, she would have had it in trust for me; in the second place, we're a family and she is a single person. And then she has money of her own; and then, at the end of all, she's Kate, you know, and I——'

'You are Stella,' he cried, with a big laugh. 'I believe you; and, by Jove! I suppose that's the only argument after all!'

Stella took this, which seemed to be a compliment, very sedately. 'Yes,' she said, 'I am Stella; you needn't recommend Kate's ways to me, nor mine to Kate; we've always been different, and we always will be. If she will marry this man it will save a great deal of trouble. We might make her a nice present—I shouldn't object to that. We might give her her outfit: some of my things would do quite nicely; they are as good as new and of no use to me; for certainly, whatever happens, we shall never go to that beastly place again.'

Sir Charles roared forth a large laugh, overpowered by the joke, though he was not without a touch of shame. 'By Jove! Stella, you are the one!' he cried.

And a short time after Mr. Sturgeon arrived. He had a great deal of business to do, a great many things to explain. Stella caught with the hereditary cleverness her father had discovered in her the involutions of Mr. Tredgold's investments, the way in which he had worked one thing by means of or even against another, and in what artful ways he had held the strings.

'Blessed if I can make head or tail of it,' said Somers, reduced to partial imbecility by his effort to understand.

But Stella sat eager at the table with two red spots on her cheeks, shuffling the papers about and entering into everything.

'I should like to work it all myself, if I hadn't other things to do,' she said.

'And excellently well you would do it,' said the lawyer with a bow.

It was one of Stella's usual successes. She carried everything before her wherever she went. Mr. Sturgeon asked punctiliously for Miss Tredgold, but he felt that Kate was but a feeble creature before her sister, this bright being born to conquer the world.

'And now,' he said, 'Lady Somers, about other things.'

'What things?' cried Stella. 'So far as I know there are no other things.'

'Oh, yes, there are other things. There are some that you will no doubt think of for the credit of your father, and some for your own. The servants, for instance, were left without any remembrance. They are old faithful servants. I have heard him say, if they were a large household to keep up, that at least he was never cheated of a penny by them.'

'That's not much to say,' cried Stella; 'anyone who took care could ensure that.'

'Your father thought it was, or he would not have repeated it so often. There was not a penny for the servants, not even for Harrison, whose care was beyond praise—and Mrs. Simmons, and the butler. It will be a very small matter to give them a hundred pounds or two to satisfy them.'

'A hundred pounds!' cried Stella. 'Oh, I shouldn't call that a small matter! It is quite a sum of money. And why should they want hundreds of pounds? They have had good wages, and been pampered with a table as good as anything we should think of giving to ourselves. Simmons is an impertinent old woman. She's given—I mean, I've given her notice. And the butler the same. As for Harrison, to hear him you would think he was papa's physician and clergyman and everything all in one.'

'He did a very great deal for him,' said the lawyer. 'Then another thing, Lady Somers, your uncle——'

'My uncle! I never had an uncle,' cried Stella with a shriek.

'But there is such a person. He is not a very creditable relation. Still he ought not to be left to starve.'

'I never heard of any uncle! Papa never spoke of anyone. He said he had no relations, except some far-off cousins. How can I tell that this is not some old imposition trumped up for the

sake of getting money? Oh, I am not going to allow myself to be fleeced so easily as that!’

‘It is no imposition. Bob Tredgold has been in my office for a long number of years. I knew him as I knew your father when we were boys together. The one took the right turning, the other the wrong—though who can tell what is right and what is wrong with any certainty? One has gone out of the world with great injustice, leaving a great deal of trouble behind him; the other would be made quite happy with two pounds a week till he dies.’

‘Two pounds a week—a hundred pounds a year!’ cried Stella. ‘Mr. Sturgeon, I suppose you must think we are made of money. But I must assure you at once that I cannot possibly undertake at the very first outset such heavy responsibility as that.’

Sir Charles said nothing, but pulled his moustache. He had no habit of making allowances or maintaining poor relations, and the demand seemed overwhelming to him too.

‘These are things which concern your father’s credit, Lady Somers. I think it would be worth your while to attend to them for his sake. The other is for your own. You cannot allow your sister, Miss Katherine, to go out into the world on three hundred a year while you have sixty thousand. I am a plain man and only an attorney, and you are a beautiful young lady, full, I have no doubt, of fine feelings. But I don’t think, if you consider the subject, that for your own credit you can allow this singular difference in the position of two sisters to be known.’

Stella was silent for a moment. She was struck dumb by the man’s grave face and his importance and the confidence of his tone. She said at last, almost with a whimper, ‘It was none of my doing. I was not here; I could not exercise any influence,’ looking up at the old executor with startled eyes.

‘Yes,’ he said, ‘I am aware you were far away, and your sister ought to have been the person to exercise influence. She did not, however,’ he added with a little impatience. ‘There are some people who are too good for this world.’

Too ineffectual—capable of neither good nor evil! Was it the same kind of incapacity as the others were discussing in the other room?

‘I’ve been saying that, don’t you know, to my wife, about Miss Kate,’ said Sir Charles.

‘Oh, you’ve been saying!’ cried Stella with a quick movement of impatience. She paused again for a little, and then fixing her

eyes upon Mr. Sturgeon, said with some solemnity, 'You wish me then, as soon as I have got over the first wonder of it, and being so glad that papa had forgiven me, to go right in his face and upset his last will?'

The rectitude, the pathos, the high feeling that were in Stella's voice and attitude are things that no ordinary pen could describe. Her father's old executor looked at her startled. He took off his spectacles to see her more clearly, and then he put them on again. His faculties were not equal to this sudden strain upon them.

'It would not be upsetting the will,' he said.

'Would it not? But I think it would. Papa says a certain thing very distinctly. You may say it is not just. Many people are turning upon me—as if I had anything to do with it!—and saying it is unjust. But papa made all his money himself, I suppose? And if he had a special way in which he wished to spend it, why shouldn't he be allowed to do that? It is not any vanity in me to say he was fondest of me, Mr. Sturgeon—everybody knew he was.'

Mr. Sturgeon sat silent, revolving many things in his mind. He was one of the few people who had seen old Tredgold after his daughter's flight; he had heard him say with the calmest countenance, and his hands on his knees, 'Damn them!' and though he was an attorney and old, and had not much imagination, a shiver ran through Sturgeon's mind, if not through his body. Was it as a way of damning her that the old fellow had let all this money come to his undutiful child?

'So you see,' said Stella with grave triumph, as one who feels that she has reasoned well, 'I am tied up so that I cannot move. If you say, Will I upset papa's will? I answer, No, not for all the world! He says it quite plain—there is no doubt as to what he meant. He kept it by him for years and never changed it, though he was angry with me. Therefore I cannot, whom he has trusted so much and been so kind to, upset his will. Oh, no, no! If Katherine will accept a present, well, she shall have a present,' cried Stella with a great air of magnanimity, 'but I will do nothing that would look like flying in the face of papa.'

'By Jove! she is right there, don't-ye-know,' said the heavy dragoon, looking up at the man of law, with great pride in his clever wife.

'I suppose she is—in a kind of way,' Mr. Sturgeon said. He was a humiliated man—he was beaten even in argument. He did not know how to answer this little sharp woman with her super-

ficial logic. It was old Tredgold's money; if he wanted it to go in a particular way, why should his will be gainsaid? He had wished it to go to Stella, he had remorselessly cut out her sister; the quick-witted creature had the adversary at a disadvantage. Old Tredgold had not been a just or noble man. He had no character or credit to keep up. It was quite likely that he fully intended to produce this very imbroglio, and to make both his daughters unhappy. Not that Stella would make herself unhappy or disturb her composure with feeling over the subject. She was standing against the big chair covered with red velvet in which old Tredgold used to sit. Nobody cared about that chair or had any associations with it; it had been pushed out of the way because it was so big, and the mass of its red cover threw up the figure of Stella before it with her black dress and her fair crisped hair. She was triumphant, full of energy and spirit, a princess come into her kingdom, not a new heir troubled with the responsibilities of inheritance. It would not disturb her that Katherine should have nothing, that poor old Bob Tredgold should starve. She was quite strong enough to put her foot on both and never feel a pang.

'I am perhaps going beyond my instructions,' Mr. Sturgeon said. 'Your sister Katherine is a proud young woman, my Lady Stella—I mean my Lady Somers; I doubt if she will receive presents even from you. Your father's will is a very wicked will. I remarked that to him when he made it first. I was thankful to believe he had felt it to be so after your ladyship ran away. Then I believed the thing would be reversed and Miss Katherine would have had all; and I knew what her intentions were in that case. It was only natural, knowing that you were two sisters, to suppose that you would probably act in some degree alike.'

'Not for people who know us, Mr. Sturgeon,' said Stella. 'Kate and I never did anything alike all our days. I may not be as good as Kate in some things, but I am stronger than she is in being determined to stick by what is right. I would not interfere with papa's will for all the world! I should think it would bring a curse on me. I have got children of my own, and that makes me go much deeper into things than an unmarried young woman like Kate can be supposed to do. Fancy Charlie, our boy, turning on us and saying, You made mincemeat of grandpapa's will, why should I mind about yours? That is what I could not look forward to—it would make me perfectly wretched,' Stella said. She stood up, every inch of her height, with her head tossed back full of matronly and motherly importance; but the force of the situation

was a little broken by a muffled roar of laughter from Sir Charles, who said—

‘Go it, Stella! You’re going to be the death of me,’ under his breath.

‘My husband laughs,’ said Lady Somers with dignity, ‘because our boy is a very little boy, and it strikes him as absurd; but this is precisely the moment when the mind receives its most deep impressions. I would not tamper with dear papa’s will if even there was no other reason, because it would be such a fearfully bad example for my boy.’

‘I waive the question, I waive the question,’ cried Mr. Sturgeon. ‘I will talk it over with the other executor; but in the meantime I hope you will reconsider what you have said on the other subject. There’s the servants and there is poor old Bob.’

‘Oh, the servants! As they’re leaving, and a good riddance, give them fifty pounds each and be done with them,’ Stella said.

‘And Bob Tredgold?’

‘I never heard of that person; I don’t believe in him. I think you have been taken in by some wretched impostor.’

‘Not likely,’ said Mr. Sturgeon. ‘I have known him, poor fellow, from a boy, and a more promising boy I can tell you than any other of his name. He is a poor enough wretch now. You can have him here, if you like, and judge of him for yourself.’

‘Stella,’ said Sir Charles, pulling his wife’s dress.

‘Oh, Charlie, let me alone with your silly suggestions. I am sure Mr. Sturgeon has been taken in. I am sure that papa——’

‘Look here,’ said the husband, ‘don’t be a little fool. I’m not going to stand a drunken old beast coming here saying he’s my wife’s relation. Settle what he wants and be done. It’s not my affair? Oh, yes, some things are my affair. Settle it here, I say. Mr. Sturgeon, she’s ready to settle whatever you say.’

Sir Charles had his wife’s wrist in his hand. She was far cleverer than he was and much more steady and pertinacious, but when she got into that grip Stella knew there was no more to be said. Thus she bought off the powers of Nemesis, had there been any chance of their being put in motion against her; and there was no further question of setting the worst of examples to Job by upsetting his grandfather’s will. Stella religiously watched over Mr. Tredgold’s fortune and kept every penny of it to herself from that day.

‘And do you think of building that cottage, Miss Katherine, as your father suggested?’ Mr. Sturgeon asked as he rose from

the dinner at which he had been entertained, Lady Somers making herself very agreeable to him and throwing a great deal of dust into his eyes. He was going back to town by the last train, and he had just risen to go away. Katherine had been as silent as Stella was gay. She had not shown well, the old lawyer was obliged to admit, in comparison with her sister, the effect no doubt of having lived all her life at Sliplin and never having seen the great world, besides that of being altogether duller, dimmer than Stella. She was a little startled when he spoke to her, and for a moment did not seem to understand what was being said.

'Oh, the cottage! I don't think I can afford it. No, Mr. Sturgeon,' she said at length.

'Then I have a good opportunity of selling the bit of land for you,' he said. 'There is a new railway station wanted, and this is the very spot that will be most suitable. I can make an excellent bargain if you put it in my hands.'

'There!' cried Stella, holding up a lively finger, 'I told you! It is always Kate that has the luck among us all!'

CHAPTER XLVI.

KATHERINE scarcely heard what Stamford said to her after that astounding speech about his little child. She rose to her feet as if it had touched some sudden spring in her; though she could no more have told why than she could have told what it was that made her head giddy and her heart beat. She had a momentary sense that she had been insulted; but that too was so utterly unreasonable that she could not explain her conduct to herself by it, any more than by any other rule. She did not know how she managed to get out of the room, on what pretext, by what excuse to the astonished visitor, whose look alone she saw in her mind afterwards, startled and disturbed, with the eyelids puckered over his eyes. He had been conscious, too, that she had received a shock; but he had not been aware, any more than she was, what he had done to produce this impression upon her.

She ran upstairs to her own room, and concealed herself there in the gathering twilight, in the darkest corner, as if somebody might come to look for her. There had been a great many thoughts in that room through these long years—thoughts that,

perhaps, were sometimes impatient, occasionally pathetic, conscious of the passing of her youth from her, and that there had been little in it that was like the youth of other women. To be sure, she might have married had she been so minded, which is believed to be the chief thing in a young woman's life; but that had not counted for very much in Katherine's. There had been one bit of visionary romance, only one, and such a little one! but it had sufficed to make a sort of shining, as of a dream, over her horizon. It had never come nearer than the horizon; it had been a glimmer of colour, of light, of poetry, and the unknown. It had never been anything, she said to herself, with emphasis, putting her foot down firmly on the ground, with a faint sound of purpose and meaning—never—anything! She was the most desperate fool in the world to feel herself insulted, to feel as if he had struck her in the face when he spoke of his little child. Why should he not have a little child like any other man, and a kind wife waiting for him, amid all the brightness of a home? Why not? Why not? There was no reason in the world. The effect it produced upon her was absurd in the last degree. It was an effect of surprise, of sudden disillusion. She was not prepared for that disclosure. This was the only way in which she could account for the ridiculous impression made upon her mind by these few words.

She had so much to do accounting to herself for this, that it was not for a long time that she came to imagine what he would think of her sudden start and flight. What could he think of it? Could he think she was disappointed, that she had been building hopes upon his return? But that was one of the thoughts that tend to madness, and have to be crushed upon the threshold of the mind. She tried not to think of him at all, to get rid of the impression which he had made on her. Certainly he had not meant to insult her, certainly it was no blow in the face. There had been some foolish sort of talk before—she could not recall it to mind now—something that had nothing in the world to do with his position, or hers, or that of anyone in the world, which probably was only to pass the time; and then he had begun to speak to her about his child. How natural to speak about his child! probably with the intention of securing her as a friend for his child—she who had been a playmate of his own childhood. If she had not been so ridiculous she would have heard of the poor little thing brought from India (like little Job, but that was scarcely an endearing comparison) to be left alone among strangers.

Poor little thing! probably he wanted her to be kind to it, to be a friend to it—how natural that idea was!—his own playfellow, the girl whom he had read Dante with in those days. But why, why did he recall those days? It was that that made her feel—when he began immediately after to speak of his child—as if he had given her a blow in the face.

Katherine went down to dinner as if she were a visitor in the house. She passed the nursery door, standing wide open, with the baby making a great whiteness in the middle of the room, and Job watching like an ill-tempered little dog, ready to rush out with a snarl and bite at any passer-by whom he disliked; and her sister's door, where Stella's voice was audible high and gay, sometimes addressing her maid, sometimes in a heightened tone her husband, in his dressing-room at the other side. They were the proprietors of the place, not Katherine. She knew that very well, and wondered at herself that she should still be here, and had made no other provision for her loneliness. She was a guest—a guest on sufferance—one who had not even been invited. William, the soldier-servant, was in possession of the hall. He opened the door for her with a respectful tolerance. She was missus's sister to William. In the drawing-room was Mr. Sturgeon, who rose as she entered from the side of the fire. He was going back by the train immediately after dinner, and was in his old-fashioned professional dress, a long black coat and large black tie. One looked for a visionary bag of papers at his feet or in his hands. His influence had a soothing effect upon Katherine; it brought her back to the practical. He told her what he had been able to do—to get gratuities for the servants, and a pension, such as it was, for poor old Bob Tredgold. 'It will keep him in comfort if he can be kept off the drink,' he said. All this brought her out of herself, yet at the same time increased the sense in her of two selves, one very much interested in all these inconsiderable arrangements, the other standing by looking on. 'But about your affairs, Miss Katherine, not a thing could I do,' Mr. Sturgeon was beginning, when happily Sir Charles came downstairs.

'So much the better; my affairs have nothing to do with my sister,' Katherine said hastily. And, indeed, it was plain neither they nor any other intrusive affairs had much to do with Stella when she came in radiant, the blackness of her dress making the whiteness of her arms and throat almost too dazzling. She came in with her head held high, with a swing and movement of her figure which embodied the supremacy she felt. She understood

now her own importance, her own greatness. It was her natural position, of which she had been defrauded for some time without ever giving up her pretensions to it; but now there was no further possibility of any mistake.

As I have already related the concluding incident of this party it is unnecessary now to go through its details. But when Mr. Sturgeon had gone to his train and Sir Charles to the smoking-room (though not without an invitation to the ladies to accompany him) Stella suddenly took her sister by the waist, and drew her close. 'Well?' she said, in her cheerful high tones, 'have you anything to tell me, Kate?'

'To tell you, Stella? I don't know what I can tell you—you know the house as well as I do—and as you are going to have new servants——'

'Oh! if you think it is anything about the house, I doubt very much whether I shall keep up the house, it's rococo to such a degree—and all about it—the very gardens are rococo.'

'It suits you very well, however,' Katherine said. 'All this gilding seems appropriate, like a frame to a picture.'

'Do you think so?' said Stella, looking at herself in the great mirror over the mantelpiece with a certain fondness. It was nice to be able to see yourself like that wherever you turned, from head to foot. 'But that is not in the least what I was thinking of,' she said; 'tell me about yourself. Haven't you something very particular to tell me—something about your own self?'

Katherine was surprised, yet but dimly surprised, not enough to cause her any emotion. Her heart had become as still as a stone.

'No,' she said; 'I have nothing particular to tell you. I will leave The Cliff when you like—is that what you mean? I have not as yet made any plans, but as soon as you wish it——'

'Oh, as for that,' said Stella, 'we shall be going ourselves. Charlie wants me to go to his horrid old place to see what can be done to it, and we shall stay in town for a little. Town is town, don't you know, after you've been in India, even at the dullest time of the year. But these old wretches of servants will have to stay out their month, I suppose, and if you like to stay while they're here—of course, they think a great deal more of you than of me. It will be in order as long as they are here. After, I cannot answer for things. We may shut up the house, or we may let it. It should bring in a fine rent, with the view and all that. But I have not settled yet what I am going to do.'

'My plans then,' said Katherine, faintly smiling, 'will be settled before yours, though I have not taken any step as yet.'

'That's just what I want to know,' cried Stella, 'that is what I was asking! Surely there's nothing come between you and me, Kate, that would keep you from telling me? As for papa's will, that was his doing, not mine. I cannot go against it, whatever anybody says—I can't, indeed! It's a matter of conscience with me to do whatever he wished, now he is dead. I didn't when he was living, and that is just the reason why——' Stella shut her mouth tight, that no breath of inconsistency might ever come from it. Then once more putting her hand on Katherine's waist, and inclining towards her: 'Tell me what has happened; do tell me, Kate!'

'But nothing has happened, Stella.'

'Nothing! That's impossible. I left you alone with him on purpose. I saw it was on his very lips, bursting to get it out; and he gave me such a look—Oh, why can't you fade away?—which isn't a look I'm accustomed to. And I don't believe nothing has happened. Why, he came here for that very purpose! Do you think he wanted to see me or Charlie? He was always a person of very bad taste,' Stella said with a laugh. 'He was always your own, Kate. Come! don't bear any malice about the will or that—but tell.'

'There is nothing whatever to tell. Mr. Stamford told me about his child whom he has brought home.'

'Yes, that was to rouse your pity. He thought as you are one of the self-sacrificing people the idea of a baby to take care of—though it is not a baby now—it's about as old as Job——. The mother died when it was born, you know, a poor little weakly thing. Did I never tell you when I wrote? It must have gone out of my head, for I knew all about it, the wedding and everything. How odd I didn't tell you. I suppose you had thought that he had been wearing the willow for you, my dear, all this time!'

'It is not of the slightest consequence what I thought—or if I thought at all on the subject,' said Katherine, with, as she felt, a little of the stiffness of dignity injured, which is always ludicrous to a looker-on.

'I'll be sworn you did,' cried Stella, with a pealing laugh. 'Oh, no, my dear, there's no such example now. And, Kate, you are old enough to know better—you should not be such a goose at your age. The man has done very well, he's got an excellent

appointment, and they say he'll be a member of Council before he dies. Think what a thing for you with your small income! The pension alone is worth the trouble. A member of Council's widow has—why, she has thousands a year! If it were only for that, you will be a very silly girl, Kate, if you send James Stamford away.'

'Is it not time you joined your husband in the smoking-room, Stella? You must have a great deal to talk about. And I am going to bed.'

'I don't believe a word of it,' Stella cried, 'you want to get rid of me and my common-sense view. That is always how it happens. People think I am pretty and so forth, but they give me no credit for common-sense. Now that's just my quality. Look here, Kate. What will you be as an unmarried woman with your income? Why, nobody! You will not be so well off as the old cats. If you and your maid can live on it, that's all; you will be of no consequence. I hear there's a doctor who was after you very furiously for a time, and would have you still if you would hold up your little finger. But James Stamford would be far better. The position is better in every way—and think of the widow's pension! why it is one of the prizes which anyone might be pleased to go in for. Kate, if you marry you may do very well yet. Mind my words—but if you're obstinate and go in for fads and turn your back on the world, and imagine that you are going to continue a person of importance on three hundred a year——'

'I assure you, Stella, I have no such thought.'

'What then—to be nobody? Do you think you will like to be nobody, Kate, after all the respect that's been paid to you, and at the head of a large house, and carriages at your command, and all that—to drop down to be Miss Tredgold, the old maid in lodgings with one woman servant? Oh, I know you well enough for that. You will not like it, you will hate it. Marry one of them, for Heaven's sake! If you have a preference I am sure I don't object to that. But marry one of them, James Stamford for choice! or else, mark my words, Kate Tredgold, you will regret it all your life.'

Katherine got free at last, with a laugh on her lips at the solemnity of her sister's address. If Stella had only known how little her common-sense meant, or the extreme seriousness of these views with which she endeavoured to move a mind so different from her own! Lady Somers went off full of the importance of

the question, to discuss it over again with her husband, whose sense of humour was greatly tickled by the suggestion that the pension which James Stamford's widow might have if he were made member of Council was an important matter to be taken into consideration, while Katherine went back again to her room, passing once more the nursery door where Job lay nervously half awake, calling out a dreary 'Zat oo, fader?' as her step sounded upon the corridor. But she had no time to think of little Job in the midst of this darkness of her own life. 'What does it matter to me, what does it matter to me?' she kept saying to herself as she went along—and yet it mattered so much, it made so great a change! If she had never seen James Stamford again it would not have mattered, indeed; but thus suddenly to find out that while she had been making of him the one little rainbow in her sky—had enshrined him as something far more than any actual lover, the very image of love itself and fidelity, he had been the lover, the husband of another woman, had gone through all the circle of emotion, had a child to remind him for ever of what had been. Katherine, on her side, had nothing save the bitter sense of an illusion fled. It was not anybody's fault. The man had done nothing he had not a perfect right to do—the secret had not been kept from her by any malice or evil means—all was quite natural, simple, even touching and sad. She ought to be sorry for him, poor fellow! She was in a manner sorry for him—if only he had not come to insult her with words that could have no meaning, words repeated, which had answered before with another woman. The wrench of her whole nature turning away from the secret thing that had been so dear to her was more dreadful than any convulsion. She had cherished it in her very heart of hearts, turned to it when she was weary, consoled herself with it in the long, long endless flatness of those years that were past. And it had all been a lie; there was nothing of the kind, nothing to fall back upon, nothing to dream of. The man had not loved her, he had loved his wife, as was most just and right. And she had been a woman voluntarily deceived, a dreamer, a creature of vanity, attributing to herself a power which she had never possessed. There is no estimating the keenness of mortified pride with which a woman makes such a discovery. Her thoughts have been dwelling on him with a visionary longing which is not painful, which is sometimes happiness enough to support the structure of a life for years; but his had not been satisfied with this; the chain that held her had

been nothing to him; he had turned to other consolations and exhausted them, and then came back. The woman's instinct flung him from her, as she would have flung some evil thing. She wrenched herself away twisting her very heart out of its socket; that which had been, being shattered for ever by this blow, could be no more.

There was, as Stella said, no common-sense at all in the argument, or proper appreciation of a position which, taking into consideration everything, inclusive of the widow's pension, was well worth any woman's while.

CHAPTER XLVII.

It is very difficult to change every circumstance of your life when a sudden resolution comes upon you all in a moment. To restless people indeed it is a comfort to be up and doing at once—but when there is no one to do anything for but yourself, and you have never done anything for yourself alone in all your life, then it is very hard to know how to begin. To resolve that this day, this very hour you will arise and go; that you will find out a new shelter, a new foundation on which, if not to build a house, yet to pitch a tent; to transfer yourself and everything that may belong to you out of the place where you have been all your life, where every one of your little possessions has its place and niche, into another cold unknown place to which neither you nor they belong—how could anything be harder than that? It was so hard that Katherine did not do it for day after day. She put it off every morning till to-morrow. You may think that, with her pride, to be an undesired visitor in her sister's house would have been insupportable to her. But she did not feel as if she had any pride. She felt that she could support anything better than the first step out into the cold, the decision where she was to go.

The consequence of this was that the Somers, always tranquilly pursuing their own way, and put out in their reckoning by no one, were the first to make that change. Sir Charles made an expedition to his own old house of which all the Somers were so proud, and found that it could not only be made (by the spending of sixty thousand a year in it) a very grand old house, but that even now it was in very tolerable order and could receive his

family whenever the family chose to inhabit it. When he had made this discovery he was, it was only natural, very anxious to go, to *faire valoir* as far as was possible what was very nearly his unique contribution to the family funds. There was some little delay in order that fires might be lighted and servants obtained, but it was still October when the party which had arrived from the *Aurungzebe* at the beginning of the month departed again in something of the same order, the ayah more cold, and Pearson more worried; for though the latter had Lady Somers' old *rivière* in her own possession, another *rivière* of much greater importance was now in her care, and her responsibilities instead of lessening were increased. It could scarcely be said even that Stella was more triumphant than when she arrived, the centre of all farewells and good wishes, at Tilbury Docks; for she had believed then in good fortune and success as she did now, and she had never felt herself disappointed. Sir Charles himself was the member of the party who had changed most. There was no embarrassment about him now, or doubt of that luck in which Stella was so confident. He had doubted his luck from time to time in his life, but he did so no longer. He carried down little Job on his shoulder from the nursery regions. 'I say, old chap,' he said, 'you'll have to give up your nonsense now and be a gentleman. Take off your hat to your aunt Kate, like a man. If you kick I'll twist one of those little legs off. Hear, lad! You're going home to Sommers and you'll have to be a man.'

Job had no answer to make to this astounding address; he tried to kick, but found his feet held fast in a pair of strong hands. 'Me fader's little boy,' he said, trying the statement which had always hitherto been so effectual.

'So you are, old chap; but you're the young master at Sommers too,' said the father, who had now a different meaning. Job drummed upon that very broad breast as well as he could with his little imprisoned heels, but he was not monarch of all he surveyed as before. 'Good-bye, Kate,' Sir Charles said. 'Stay as long as ever you like, and come to Sommers as soon as you will. I'm master there, and I wish you were going to live with us for good and all—but you and your sister know your own ways best.'

'Good-bye, Charles. I shall always feel that you have been very kind.'

'Oh, kind!' he cried, 'but I'm only Stella's husband, don't you know, and I have to learn my place.'

'Good-bye, Kate,' cried Stella, coming out with all her little jingle of bracelets, buttoning her black gloves. 'I am sure you will be glad to get us out of the way for a bit to get your packing done, and clear out all your cupboards and things. You'll let me know when you decide where you're going, and keep that old wretch Simmons in order, and don't give her too flaming a character. You'll be sending them all off with characters as long as my arm, as if they were a set of angels. Mind you have proper dinners, and don't sink into tea as ladies do when they're alone. Good-bye, dear.' Stella kissed her sister with every appearance of affection. She held her by the shoulders for a moment and looked into her eyes. 'Now, Kate, no nonsense! Take the good the Gods provide you—don't be a silly, neglecting your own interest. At your age you really ought to take a common-sense view.'

Kate stood at what had been so long her own door and watched them all going away—Pearson and the soldier in the very brougham in which Stella had driven to the yacht on the night of her elopement. That and the old landau had got shabby chiefly for want of use in these long years. The baby, now so rosy, crowed in the arms of the dark nurse, and Sir Charles held his hat in his hand till he was almost out of sight. He was the only one who had felt for her a little, who had given her an honest if ineffectual sympathy. She felt almost grateful to him as he disappeared. And now to think this strange chapter in her existence was over and could never come again! Few, very few people in the world could have gone through such an experience—to have everything taken from you, and yet to have as yet given up nothing. She seemed to herself a shadow as she stood at that familiar door. She had lived more or less naturally as her sister's dependent for the last week or two; the position had not galled her; in her desolation she might have gone on and on, to avoid the trouble of coming to a decision. But Stella was not one of the aimless people who were afraid of making decisions, and no doubt Stella was right. When a thing has to be done it is better that it should be done, not kept on continually hanging over one. Stella had energy enough to make up half a dozen people's minds for them. 'Get us out of the way for a bit to get your packing done'—these were the words of the lease on which Katherine held this house, very succinctly set down.

This was a curious interval which was just over, in many ways. Katherine's relation to Stella had changed strangely; it was the

younger sister now who was the prudent chaperon, looking after the other's interests—and other relationships had changed too. The sight of James Stamford coming and going, who was constantly asked to dinner and as constantly thrown in her way, but whom Katherine, put on her mettle, had become as clever to avoid as Stella was to throw them together, was the most anxious experience. It had done her good to see him so often without seeing him, so to speak. It made her aware of various things which she had not remarked in him before. Altogether this little episode in life had enlarged her horizon. She had found out many things—or, rather, she had found out the insignificance of many things that had bulked large in her vision before. She went up and down the house and it felt empty, as it never had felt in the old time when there was nobody in it. It seemed to her that it had never been empty till now, when the children, though they were not winning children, and Stella, though she was so far from being a perfect person, had gone. There was no sound or meaning left in it; it was an echoing and empty place. It was rococo, as Stella said; a place made to display wealth, with no real beauty in it. It had never been a home, as other people know homes. And now all the faint recollections which had hung about it of her own girlhood and of Stella's were somehow obliterated. Old Mr. Tredgold and his daughters were swept away. It was a house belonging to the Somers, who had just come back from India; it looked dreadfully forlorn and empty now they had gone away, and bare also—a place that would be sold or let in all probability to the first comer. Katherine shivered at the disorder of all the rooms upstairs, with their doors widely open and all the signs of departure about. The household would always be careless, perhaps, under Stella's sway. There was the look of a desecrated place, of a house in which nothing more could be private, nothing sacred, in the air of its emptiness, with all those doors flung open to the wall.

She was called downstairs again, however, and had no time to indulge these fancies—and glancing out at a window saw the familiar Midge standing before the door; the voices of the ladies talking both together were audible before she had reached the stairs.

'Gone away? Yes, Harrison, we met them all—quite a procession—as we came driving up; and did you see that dear baby, Ruth Mildmay, kissing its little fat hand?'

'I never thought they would make much of a stay,' said Miss Mildmay; 'didn't suit, you may be sure; and mark my words, Jane Shanks——'

'How's Miss Katherine? Miss Katherine, poor dear, must feel quite dull left alone by herself,' said Mrs. Shanks, not waiting to waste any words.

'I should have felt duller the other way,' said the other voice, audibly moving into the drawing-room. Then Katherine was received by one after another once more in a long embrace.

'You dear!' Mrs. Shanks said—and Miss Mildmay held her by the shoulders as if to impart a firmness which she felt to be wanting.

'Now, Katherine, here you are on your own footing at last.'

'Am I? It doesn't feel like a very solid footing,' said Katherine with a faint laugh.

'I never thought,' said Mrs. Shanks, 'that Stella would stay.'

'It is I that have been telling you all the time, Jane Shanks, that she would not stay. Why should she stay among all the people who know exactly how she's got it and everything about it? And the shameful behaviour——'

'Now,' said Katherine, 'there must not be a word against Stella. Don't you know Stella is Stella, whatever happens? And there is no shameful behaviour. If she had tried to force half her fortune upon me, do you think I should have taken it? You know better than that, whatever you say.'

'Look here—this is what I call shameful behaviour,' cried Miss Mildmay, with a wave of her hand.

The gilded drawing-room with all its finery was turned upside down, the curiosities carried off—some of them to be sold, some of them, that met with Stella's approval, to Sommers. The screen with which Katherine had once made a corner for herself in the big room lay on the floor half covered with sheets of paper, being packed; a number of the pictures had been taken from the walls. The room, which required to be very well kept and cared for to have its due effect, was squalid and miserable, like a beggar attired in robes of faded finery. Katherine had not observed the havoc that had been wrought. She looked round, unconsciously following the movement of Miss Mildmay's hand, and this sudden shock did what nothing had done yet. It was sudden and unlooked for, and struck like a blow. She fell into a sudden outburst of tears.

'This is what I call shameful behaviour,' Miss Mildmay said again, 'and Katherine, my poor child, I cannot bear, for one, that you should be called on to live in the middle of this for a single day.'

'Oh, what does it matter?' cried Katherine, with a laugh that was half hysterical, through her tears. 'Why should it be kept up when, perhaps, they are not coming back to it? And why shouldn't they get the advantage of things which are pretty things and are their own? I might have thought that screen was mine—for I had grown fond of it—and carried it away with my things, which clearly I should have had no right to do, had not Stella seen to it. Stella, you know, is a very clever girl—she always was, but more than ever,' she said, the laugh getting the mastery. It certainly was very quick, very smart of Lady Somers to take the first step, which Katherine certainly never would have had decision enough to do.

'You ought to be up with her in another way,' said Miss Mildmay. 'Katherine, there's a very important affair, we all know, waiting for you to decide.'

'And oh, my dear, how can you hesitate?' said Mrs. Shanks, taking her hand.

'It is quite easy to know why she hesitates. When a girl marries at twenty, as you did, Jane Shanks, it's plain sailing—two young fools together and not a thought between them. But I know Katherine's mind. I've known James Stamford, man and boy, the last twenty years. He's not a Solomon, but as men go he's a good sort of man.'

'Oh, Ruth Mildmay, that's poor praise! You should see him with that poor little boy of his. It's beautiful!' cried Mrs. Shanks with tears in her eyes.

'You've spoilt it all, you——' Miss Mildmay said in a fierce whisper in her friend's ear.

'Why should I have spoilt it all? Katherine has excellent sense, we all know; the poor man married—men always do: how can they help it, poor creatures?—but as little harm was done as could be done, for she died so very soon, poor young thing.'

Katherine by this time was perfectly serene and smiling—too smiling and too serene.

'Katherine,' said Miss Mildmay, 'if you hear the one side you should hear the other. This poor fellow, James Stamford, came to Jane Shanks and me before he went back to India the last

time. He had met you on the train or somewhere. He said he must see you whatever happened. I told Jane Shanks at the time she was meddling with other people's happiness.'

'You were as bad as me, Ruth Mildmay,' murmured the other abashed.

'Well, perhaps I was as bad. It was the time when—when Dr. Burnet was so much about, and we hoped that perhaps—And when he asked and pressed and insisted to see you, that were bound hand and foot with your poor father's illness——'

'We told him—we told the poor fellow—the poor victim—Oh, Ruth Mildmay, I don't think that I ever approved.'

'Victim is nonsense,' said Miss Mildmay sharply; 'the man's just a man, no better and no worse. We told him, it's true, Katherine, that the doctor was there night and day, that he spared no pains about your poor father to please you—and it would be a dreadful thing to break it all up and to take you from poor Mr. Tredgold's bedside.'

'No one need have given themselves any trouble about that,' said Katherine, very pale; 'I should never have left papa.'

'Well, that was what I said,' cried Mrs. Shanks.

'So you see it was we who sent him away. Punish us, Katherine, don't punish the man. You should have seen how he went away! Afterwards, having no hope, I suppose, and seeing someone that he thought he could like, and wanting a home—and a family—and all that——'

'Oh,' cried Mrs. Shanks with fervour, 'there are always a hundred apologies for a man.' Katherine had been gradually recovering herself while this interchange went on.

'Now let us say no more about Mr. Stamford,' she cried with a sudden movement. 'Come into the morning room, it is not in such disorder as this, and there we can sit down and talk, and you can give me your advice. I must decide at once between these two lodgings, now—oh,' she cried, 'but it is still worse here!' The morning room, the young ladies' room of old, had many dainty articles of furniture in it, especially an old piano beautifully painted with an art which is now reviving. Sir Charles had told his wife that it would suit exactly with the old furniture of his mother's boudoir at Sommers, and with Stella to think was to do. The workmen had at that moment brought the box in which the piano was to travel, and filled the room, coaxing the dainty instrument into the rough construction of boards that was to be

its house. Katherine turned her visitors away with a wild outbreak of laughter. She laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks—all the men, and one or two of the servants, and the two ladies standing about with the gravest faces. 'Oh, Stella is wonderful!' she said.

They had their consultation afterwards in that grim chamber which had been Mr. Tredgold's, and which Somers had turned into a smoking-room. It was the only place undisturbed where his daughter, thrown off by him upon the world, could consult with her friends about the small maidenly abode which was all she could afford henceforward. The visitors were full of advice, they had a hundred things to say; but I am not sure that Katherine's mind had much leisure to pay attention to them. She thought she saw her father there, sitting in his big chair by the table in which his will was found—the will he had kept by him for years, but never had changed. There she had so often seen him with his hands folded, his countenance serene, saying 'Damn them!' quite simply to himself. And she, whom he had never cared for? Had he ever cursed her too, where he sat, without animosity, and without compunction? She was very glad when the ladies had said everything they could think of, although she had derived but little benefit by it; and following them out of the room turned the key sharply in the door. There was nothing there at least which anyone could wish to take away.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

KATHERINE was restless that afternoon; there was not much to delight her indoors, or any place where she could find refuge and sit down and rest, or read, or write, or occupy herself in any natural way, unless it had been in her own bedroom, and there Hannah was packing—a process which promoted comfort as little as any of the others. This condition of the house wounded her to the bottom of her heart. A few days, she said to herself, could have made no difference. Stella need not have set the workmen to work until the house at least was empty. It was a poor thing to invite her sister to remain and then to make her home uninhabitable. With anxious justice, indeed, she reminded herself

that the house was not uninhabitable—that she might still live in the drawing-room if she pleased, after the screen and the pictures and the curiosities were taken away; or in the morning-room, though the piano was packed in a rough box; but yet, when all was said, it was not generous of Stella. She had nowhere to sit down—nowhere to rest the sole of her foot. She went out at last to the walk round the cliff. She had always been fond of that, the only one in the family who cared for it. It was like a thread upon which she had strung so many recollections—that time, long ago, when papa had sent James Stamford away, and the many times when Katherine, still so young, had felt herself ‘out of it’ beside the paramount presence of Stella, and had retired from the crowd of Stella’s adorers to gaze out upon the view and comfort herself in the thought that she had some one of her own who wanted not Stella, but Katherine. And then there had been the day of Stella’s escapade, and then of Stella’s elopement all woven round and round about the famous ‘view.’ Everything in her life was associated with it. That blue sky, that shining headland with the watery sun picking it out like a cliff of gold, the great vault of the sky circling over all, the dim horizon far away lost in distance, in clouds and immeasurable circles of the sea. Just now a little white sail was out as it might have been that fated little *Stella*, the yacht which Mr. Tredgold sold after her last escapade, and made a little money by, to his own extreme enjoyment. Katherine walked up and down, with her eyes travelling over the familiar prospect on which they had dwelt for the greater part of her life. She was very lonely and forlorn; her heart was heavy and her vitality low, she scarcely knew where she was going or what she might be doing to-morrow. The future was to-morrow to her as it is to a child. She had to make up her mind to come to some decision, and to-morrow she must carry it out.

It did not surprise her at all, on turning back after she had been there for some time, at the end of her promenade to see a figure almost by her side, which turned out to be that of Mr. Stamford. She was not surprised to see him. She had seen him so often, they were quite accustomed to meet. She spoke to him quite in a friendly tone, without any start or alarm: ‘You have come—to see the last of them, Mr. Stamford?’ It was not a particularly appropriate speech, for there was no one here to see the last of, unless it had been Katherine herself; but nevertheless these were the words that came to her lips.

'They seem to have gone very soon,' he said, which was not a brilliant remark any more than her own.

'Immediately after lunch,' said Katherine, severely practical, 'that they might get home in good time. You must always make certain allowances when you travel with young children. But,' she added, with a sudden rise of colour, 'I should not attempt to enlighten you on that subject.'

'I certainly know what it is,' he said, with a grave face, 'to consider the interests of a little child.'

'I know, I know,' cried Katherine with sudden compunction, 'I should not have said that.'

'I wish,' he said, 'that you would allow me to speak to you on this subject. No, it is not on this subject. I tried to say what was in my heart before, but either you would not listen, or—I have a good deal to say to you that cannot be said. I don't know how. If I could but convey it to you without saying it. It is only just to me that you should know. It may be just—to another—that it should not be said.'

'Let nothing be said,' she cried anxiously; 'oh, nothing—nothing! Yet only one thing I should like you to tell me. That time we met on the railway—do you remember?'

'Do I remember!'

'Well; I wish to know this only for my own satisfaction. Were you married *then*?'

She stood still as she put the question in the middle of the walk; but she did not look at him, she looked out to sea.

He answered her only after a pause of some duration, and in a voice which was full of pain. 'Are you anxious,' he said, 'Katherine, to make me out not only false to you, but false to love and to every sentiment in the world?'

'I beg you will not think,' she cried, 'that I blame you for anything. Oh, no, no! You have never been false to me. There was never anything between us. You were as free and independent as any man could be.'

'Let me tell you then as far as I can what happened. I came back by the train that same afternoon when you said you were coming, and you were not there. I hung about hoping to meet you. Then I saw our two old friends in the Terrace—and they told me that there were other plans—that the doctor was very kind to your father for your sake, and that you were likely——'

Katherine waved her hand with great vivacity; she stamped

her foot slightly on the ground. What had this to do with it? It was not her conduct that was in dispute, but his. Her meaning was so clear in her face without words that he stopped as she desired.

'I went back to India very much cast down. I was without hope. I was at a lonely station and very dreary. I tried to say the other day how strongly I believed in my heart that it was better to hope for the best, even if you could never attain it, than to try to get a kind of makeshift happiness with a second best.'

'Mr. Stamford,' cried Katherine, with her head thrown back and her eyes glowing, 'from anything I can discern you are about to speak of a lady of whom I know nothing; who is dead—which sums up everything; and whom no one should dare to name, you above all, but with the most devout respect.'

He looked at her surprised, and then bowed his head. 'You are right, Miss Katherine,' he said; 'my poor little wife, it would ill become me to speak of her with any other feeling. I told you that I had much to tell you which could not be said—'

'Let it remain so then,' she cried with a tremble of excitement; 'why should it be discussed between you and me? It is no concern of mine.'

'It's a great, a very great concern of mine. Katherine, I must speak; this is the first time in which I have ever been able to speak to you, to tell you what has been in my heart—oh, not to-day nor yesterday—for ten long years.' She interrupted him again with the impatient gesture, the same slight stamp on the ground. 'Am I to have no hearing,' he cried, 'not even to be allowed to tell you, the first and only time that I have had the chance?'

Katherine cleared her throat a great many times before she spoke. 'I will tell you how it looks from my point of view,' she said. 'I used to come out here many a time after you went away first, when we were told that papa had sent you away. I was grateful to you. I thought it was very, very fine of you to prefer me to Stella; afterwards I began to think of you a little for yourself. The time we met made you a great deal more real to me. It was imagination, but I thought of you often and often when I came out here and walked about and looked at the view. The view almost meant you—it was very vague, but it made me happy, and I came out nearly every night. That is nearly ten years since, too; it was nothing, and yet it was the chief thing I had to keep my life

going upon. Finally you come back, and the first thing you have to say to me is to explain that, though you like me still and all that, you have been married, you have had a child, and another life between whiles. Oh, no, no, Mr. Stamford, that cannot be.'

'Katherine! must I not say a word in my own defence?'

'There is no defence,' she cried, 'and no wrong. I am only not that kind of woman. I am very sorry for you and the poor little child. But you have that, it is a great deal. And I have nothing—not even the view. I am bidding farewell to the view and to all those recollections. It is good-bye,' she said, waving her hand out to the sea, 'to my youth as well as to the cliff, and to all my visions as well as to you. Good-bye, Mr. Stamford, good-bye. I think it is beginning to rain, and to-morrow I am going away.'

Was this the conclusion? Was it a conclusion at all? Next day Katherine certainly did go away. She went to a little house at some distance from Sliplin—a little house in the country, half-choked in fallen leaves, where she had thought she liked the rooms and the prospect, which was no longer that of the bay and the headland, but of what we call a home landscape—green fields and tranquil woods, a village church within sight, and some red-roofed cottages. Katherine's rooms were on the upper floor, therefore not quite on a level with the fallen leaves. It was a most *digne* retirement for a lady, quite the place for Katherine, many people thought; not like rooms in a town, but with the privacy of her own garden and nobody to interfere with her. There was a little pony carriage in which she could drive about, with a rough pony that went capitally, quite as well as Mr. Tredgold's horses, growing old under the charge of the old coachman, who never was in a hurry, would ever go. Lady Jane, who approved so highly, was anxious to take a great deal of notice of Katherine. She sent the landau to fetch her when, in the first week of her retirement, Katherine went out to Shepwill to lunch. But Katherine preferred the pony chaise. She said her rooms were delightful, and the pony the greatest diversion. The only grievance she had, she declared, was that there was nothing to find fault with. 'Now, to be a disinherited person and to have no grievance,' she said, 'is very hard. I don't know what is to become of me.' Lady Jane took this in some unaccountable way as a satirical speech, and felt aggrieved. But I cannot say why.

It is a great art to know when to stop when you are telling a story—the question of a happy or a not happy ending rests so much on that. It is supposed to be the superior way nowadays that a story should end badly—first, as being less complete (I suppose), and, second, as being more in accord with truth. The latter I doubt. If there was ever any ending in human life except the final one of all (which we hope is exactly the reverse of an ending), one would be tempted rather to say that there are not half so many *tours de force* in fiction as there are in actual life, and that the very commonest thing is the god who gets out of the machine to help the actual people round us to have their own way. But this is not enough for the highest class of fiction, and I am aware that a hankering after a good end is a vulgar thing. Now, the good ending of a novel means generally that the hero and heroine should be married and sent off with blessings upon their wedding tour. What am I to say? I can but leave this question to time and the insight of the reader. If it is a fine thing for a young lady to be married, it must be a finer thing still that she should have, as people say, two strings to her bow. There are two men who would gladly marry Katherine within her reach, ready to take up the handkerchief should she drop it in the most maidenly and modest way. She had no need to go out into the world to look for them. There they are—two honest, faithful men. If Katherine marries the doctor, James Stamford will disappear (he has a year's furlough), and no doubt in India will marry yet another wife and be more or less happy. If she should marry Stamford, Dr. Burnet will feel it, but it will not break his heart. And then the two who make up their minds to this step will live happy—more or less—ever after. What more is there to be said?

I think that few people quite understand, and no one that I know of, except a little girl here and there, will quite sympathise with the effect produced upon Katherine by her discovery of James Stamford's marriage. They think her jealous, they think her ridiculous, they say a great many severe things about common-sense. A man in James Stamford's position, doing so well, likely to be a member of Council before he dies, with a pension of thousands for his widow—that such a man should be disdained because he had married, though the poor little wife was so very discreet and died so soon, what could be more absurd? 'If there had been a family of *girls*,' Stella said, 'you could understand it,

for a first wife's girls are often a nuisance to a woman. But one boy, who will be sent out into the world directly and do for himself and trouble nobody——' Stella, however, always ends by saying that she never did understand Katherine's ways and never should, did she live a hundred years.

This is what Stella, for her part, is extremely well inclined to do. Sommers has been filled with all the modern comforts, and it is universally allowed to be a beautiful old house, fit for a queen. Perhaps its present mistress does not altogether appreciate its real beauties, but she loves the size of it, and the number of guests it can take in, and the capacity of the hall for dances and entertainments of all kinds. She has, too, a little house in town—small, but in the heart of everything—which Stella instinctively and by nature is, wherever she goes. All that is facilitated by the possession of sixty thousand a year, yet not attained; for there are, as everybody knows, many people with a great deal more money who beat at these charmed portals of society and for whom there is no answer, till perhaps some needy lady of the high world takes them up. But Stella wanted no needy lady of quality. She scoffed at the intervention of the Dowager Lady Somers, who would, if she could, have patronised old Tredgold's daughter; but Lady Somers' set were generally old cats to Stella, and she owed her advancement solely to herself. She is success personified—in her house, in her dress, in society, with her husband and all her friends. Little whining Job was perhaps the only individual of all her surroundings who retained a feeling of hostility as time went on against young Lady Somers. Her sister has forgiven her freely, if there was anything to forgive, and Sir Charles is quite aware that he has nothing to forgive, and reposes serenely upon that thought, indifferent to flirtations, that are light as air and mean nothing. Lady Somers is a woman upon whose stainless name not a breath of malice has ever been blown, but Job does not care for his mother. It is a pity, though it does not disturb her much, and it is not easy to tell the reason—perhaps because she branded him in his infancy with the name which sticks to him still. Such a name does no harm in these days of nicknames, but it has, I believe, always rankled in the boy's heart.

On the other hand, there is a great friendship still between Job and his father, and he does not dislike his aunt. But this is looking further afield than our story calls upon us to look. It is impossible that Katherine can remain very long in that half rural,

half suburban cottage in the environs of Sliplin, with no diversion but the little pony carriage and the visits of the Midge and occasionally of Lady Jane. The piece of land which Mr. Sturgeon sold for her brought in a pleasant addition to her income, and she would have liked to have gone abroad and to have done many things ; but what can be done, after all, by a lady and her maid, even upon four hundred pounds a year ?

THE END.

*The Sick Nurse.*¹

BY SIR BENJAMIN WARD RICHARDSON, M.D., F.R.S.

WHEN I was originally engaged, a great many years ago, in the investigation of occupations in relation to disease, I found it to be a difficulty to specify a distinct order of nurses, as persons engaged in one particular occupation. The occupations of England were, therefore, collected into seventy classes, leaving out, as a distinct set, nurses of all kinds. At this moment we are more definitely placed; we have different sets of nurses to consider—nurses, I mean, as a distinct class. We have the family nurse, who attends at our hospitals upon members of both sexes and for all classes of disease; we have the same kind of nurse almost everywhere in our households, and we have in our large institutions, such as workhouses, nurses of a similar description. In some institutions we have male nurses who attend only on members of their own sex; while, connected with male nurses, we have not a few individuals who devote their whole lives to the management of those who are long sick from different causes, and who require a perpetual attendance. Lastly, we have amongst nurses specially trained nurses, male and female, as may be wanted, who minister in the asylums and who are called asylum attendants. The numerous body connected with this latter work has been most neglected, and has not until late times, through the influences of Dr. Walmsley, received that benefit of public favour which its members have so much deserved. There is, however, now a society for asylum attendants—of which I have the honour to be president—and which is beginning to draw up a series of rules that shall help such attendants during their necessities, and is, indeed, a society which deserves the fullest consideration.

¹ Delivered on February 14, 1896, at Grosvenor House, the residence of the Duke of Westminster, the Lady Elizabeth Biddulph in the chair.

It is not my intention now to deal with all these classes of the nursing community. I shall treat mainly of those nurses who perform the ordinary duties pertaining to them in connection with the sick who are under various kinds of physical diseases, who lie in their beds in their own homes or in the hospital wards, and who demand scrupulous attention in order that they may pass through their diseases with proper serenity, proper care, and, if it is possible, proper cure. The nurses who watch these sick persons number now an immense multitude, and their history is one of the most curious in the pages of civilisation.

It may be presumed that, from the earliest days of medical science—which means the earliest days in which diseases of mankind were subject to treatment—a nurse has practically been as necessary as the doctor. It is true that amongst the fathers of medicine reference is not often made to the nurses' department, but this has not been, I think, from the absence of the nurse, but from the circumstance that medicine played the only part in the treatment of disease that was considered of great importance. For ages the sick have been very carefully studied by the learned professors of the healing art, and we must suppose that—in the absence of any of the professors of it—someone, who must for the moment be called subordinate, has been employed to watch over all the sufferings and calamities that occur to those who have fallen from the usual standard of health. But it is only lately that we have commenced to nurse the sick as they ought to be nursed at every moment of their lives when they are unable to assist themselves. For fifty years I have been able faithfully to observe the surroundings of the bedside. In my early days of course there were nurses, and every hospital ward had its staff of women who provided the necessities, who made the beds, cleaned the linen, rolled the bandages, carried the plasters, placed the patients in different positions, and, in the last extremity, lent their aid in carrying out the most sacred offices. In the first days I recall, the nurse was looked upon as quite an inferior creature, and the idea of such women as Mrs. Gamp was the prevailing one in many circles. I do not myself remember any such women as Mrs. Gamp in the nursing line. There may have been such a woman, but I never met with her. Even in the worst times the women were thoughtful, tender, and, to a large extent, skilful. They might not have been, and were not, perfect, according to our acception of the term; the food they had to present was often cooked indifferently, and was indif-

ferently selected ; they also supplied food indifferently and they were taught, as hundreds of the doctors were too, that beer, and wine, and strong drink were things to be chiefly depended upon ; but they were women still, and were often extremely kind during the whole period of their administration. I am old enough to remember when there was no such an agent as an anæsthetic, when ether and chloroform and ether spray were unknown, and when every patient of either sex and of any age was taken to the table to be placed under the knife of the skilful operator, knowing that all the suffering to be inflicted must be bravely borne. Under these circumstances the woman nurse was a prize ; she did everything by persuasion, by promise—nay, I may say by affection—that woman could do, while she nobly maintained her own place without fear as well as without favour. I never once saw a woman nurse faint either before, during, or after an operation. I have seen men faint, and I have known a few who have vacated their professional calling because they did not feel themselves competent to carry out its details in the way required. But I have rarely seen a similar weakness expressed by women. There are some, of course, who have objected to nursing altogether, as there are men who object to the profession of medicine altogether, but when once she has taken up her business as a nurse a woman stands quite on an equality with men in all the duties that appertain to her.

It is right for me to say, without any desire to speak too warmly in praise of the movement, that a great movement did take place by virtue of the Crimean War when Miss Florence Nightingale inaugurated the era which at present exists. Miss Nightingale did, indeed, lead the way to a new development of nursing staffs, and we are indebted to her, and ever shall be, for the circumspection and care which women have bestowed, not only on the orders of the doctors who have superintended them and on the rules which the doctors imperatively laid down, but on all measures that are most likely to be useful to the sick themselves. A school of nursing commenced when Miss Nightingale had fully accomplished her superintendence, and the school which was then formed has mercifully extended throughout the three kingdoms and throughout the whole of the civilised world. In addition to these schools of nursing having become accomplished facts, and the profession of medicine having seen the importance of the cultivation of them, such schools have ever been felt of much moment and quality, and the world, since the days when it found that nursing allies were obtainable, is grateful and gratified with the fact.

I thought it necessary, as a man of long experience, to record these primary truths in regard to what may be called the nursing faculty; and now I proceed to touch on the duties which belong to nurses everywhere, the dangers to which they are exposed, and the provisions which ought to be made for their ultimate protection and comfort.

I. THE DUTIES AND DANGERS OF THE SICK NURSE.

The nurse of the present day, who is considered to be correctly trained and useful, is a woman of a special cast, both as regards age, intellect, and power. She certainly should not be an old woman, and should be ready at all times for all services that may be demanded of her. I cast my eyes round whenever I go to the bedside of a patient in a ward or a private house to see the quality of the nurse, and I should feel doubtful at once if I detected an old, or in any way defective, person nursing the case. It always occurs to me that the nurse in attendance should not much exceed forty years of age; that—to use a common phrase—she should be good-looking and active; that all her senses should be perfectly acute; that she should see well, hear well, and touch well. Not a word should be spoken which she cannot understand; not a change should take place that she cannot see or even foresee, and that she should not move a patient except in a manner that would show she is apt and skilful at the work. She should certainly know how to feed a patient in every one of the variabilities that accompany disease; she should know the right position in which the sick person should be placed before he or she attempts to swallow; she should know how to prepare the food so that the temperature of it should not be in any way specially distasteful; she should move the garments and bedclothes in a way convenient to the physician or surgeon, and at the same time be comfortable to the patient; she should understand the temperatures of sickrooms and wards, and be fully acquainted with the mode of governing external temperature, so that the room should neither be too hot nor too cold, and that draughts be not unduly felt or even perceived; she should be conversant with the methods of taking temperatures of the body itself, whether from the mouth or from the skin; she should know how to keep the body warm, altogether or in parts; she should be ready at once to apply warmth, either by the warm bath of the ordinary type or by the warm air bath; she should detect any changes that

may be required in regard to breathing ; she should be able, when it is necessary, to apply a bandage equally and evenly with the proper pressure in the right direction, and this, whether it be a limb or part of the body, the abdomen, or chest ; she should read the expressions of patients, and detect from the sounds of the voice whether there is an improvement or a failure indicated in that direction ; she should learn the expression of the features, and particularly the nature and quality of the eyesight ; should be prepared to tell the doctor all about the state of the secretions, the qualities of the breath, the condition of the intestinal discharges, the conditions of the bladder, the conditions of the skin ; she should be observant of the changes which take place in the sick from day to day, and, in the worst cases, even from hour to hour ; she should be precise in everything that relates to the bed and bedding of the patient, and in the removal of all obnoxious things that are about the bed ; and, if she is to stand at the very head of her class, she should be educated in everything that relates to disinfection. She should herself be of neat, comely aspect, and never be in the slightest degree slovenly, but cleanly, well-dressed, and of cheerful mind and character.

The qualities here described belong to the modern school of nurses. For the rules that lead to their practice, we now recognise and teach nurses themselves to be emulous of each other that they may be of first-rate character. We doctors have to deal with them regularly, and not only rejoice in their attributes, but listen to what they say with the greatest interest and desire. We like the nurse to be essentially truthful, and learn with respect that which she repeats from her direct observations.

I read the other day an admirable description of the value of the word of the nurse as it is set forth by Dr. Joseph Bell, of Edinburgh—often known as ‘Sherlock Holmes’—in his splendid work, *Notes on Surgery for Nurses*, and this is what he says as applicable to every member of the nursing profession, as well as to every other walk in life : ‘Cultivate absolute accuracy in observation and truthfulness in report. As John Goodsir used to say, “Let us have God’s truth in everything.” It is not so easy to be accurate as you think, but it is at all times of great importance. Temperatures, for example : if you forgot to take one and mark it down on chance just before the doctor comes, you may be deceiving him to the patient’s hurt ; and if you mark on John’s chart, which is nearly normal, the 105° you forgot to shake down from James’s armpit, you may also make it too hot in two

senses for John, unless the staff-nurse say, "Try it again." Far better to say, "I don't know," than to answer at random when asked about some symptom you might have noticed. Inaccuracy is venial and common to many of us; untruthfulness, intentional inaccuracy, is a moral sin.'

The rules above glanced at pertain to every case of disease amongst the young, amongst the old, amongst the rich, amongst the poor. Perhaps they are more important amongst the young and poor than amongst any other members of the community, and therefore they are of the greatest importance to such as have to carry them out. They all imply, under any circumstances, a watchful, clear mind, an active, pure body.

I have given in this brief outline a poor sketch of the duties of the modern nurse, but sufficient to cast over the whole an ideal of her life's value. I have said that it is important that she should be fresh, good-looking, and active for her duties, which means also that she has but a short time to live for the performance of them. This is quite true, and we are bound to put the nurse's life at a comparatively low figure. The value of life altogether, that is to say, amongst every class of the community, is not what it should be, although it is much better now than it has ever been in this country. In 1670 the death rate of all classes amounted per thousand to 80; in 1681 it amounted to 42; in 1746 to 35; in 1846 to 24; in 1871 to 22; and in 1887 to 19, even in such a crowded place as London, while in some places it may have been found even lower, in certain classes of society, as if class materially modified duration of life. Still, we want even the best of these figures to be revised by sanitation, for the death rate altogether is too high, and amongst nurses it is certainly considerably more than it is amongst some other classes of the community. The reasons for a high death rate are not far to find; the nurse is exposed constantly to very hard work; she labours often from ten to even fifteen hours a day, and the work is of the most anxious nature. It is not the ordinary mechanical work of doing a certain thing in a given time, taking meals at given hours, and going to rest in a sleep entirely undisturbed, without anything to press unduly upon the mind. At the very best it is harassing work; there is the persistent observation of the sick which is going on; there are the little constant attentions to the sick, not to one only but frequently to many, steadily in progress; there are all the whimsies

and fancies, as well as the hardships of sickness, which have to be met; there are periods when one patient sleeps while another keeps wide-awake; there is every variety of question that teems from the mouth of the sick, and is expected to be answered by the nurse; there is the anxiety as to what is going on and what is to be the end of the chapter; the keen inquiry as to whether the nurse has ever before seen such a condition as that she is attending; there are the hundred little questions about food, drink, and medicine, and the heat or cold in which the sick should remain; there are the details connected with the taking of the patient's own bodily temperature, and of laying the body in the easiest position for itself. Each one of these details means a lesson which has to be learned over and over again, has to be applied over and over again, and which calls upon the nurse to reply in such a staid and comfortable state of mind, as well as of expression, as shall create no serious alarm.

Then there is the visit of the doctor, who is persistent in his inquiries, and who takes the greatest pains to suggest every kind of modification in respect to all circumstances that may be conducive to benefit those who are under his care, which directions must be faithfully carried out. Lastly, there are the immense difficulties connected with the friends of the sick, who naturally require to be informed on every point; who, if they can do so, approach the doctor or doctors and who never fail to approach the nurse to make every inquiry of her; who comment upon all that the doctor does, and on his opinion; demand particulars of all he wished her to do and to ascertain; and who, it may be, even to an absurd extent, ask what means she has for carrying out the best of the best.

Persons who are most adapted for this onerous work, who have sound health generally, eat well and enjoy their meals, digest well, and whose only care is to perform every duty that it is possible to perform, are, under trying conditions, subjected to an amount of labour that few people can understand. There is a great deal of what is physical in the work, but that is nothing compared with the strain that tells upon the mind. Many persons are inclined to think that all work is represented by physical labour, but in this they are entirely deceived, although it is quite true that physical labour, in itself, is sufficiently exhaustive, and there is unquestionably a close relationship between the bodily powers and the powers for work. I mean by this that there is unquestionably a certain given time for the running

down, if I may so call it, of the body each day ; but this is not what ought to be taken solely into consideration, because mental strain is, after all, physical work, and itself wearies and even kills, in extreme cases, by the physical labour which it imposes. You must not, therefore, look upon the life of a nurse as anything less than a laborious life, and I often wonder, as I move amongst the disabled, how many nurses are to be seen who, day by day and hour by hour, are going through the very acme of physical fatigue owing to mental strain which is kept so actively alive.

In addition to the evils that arise from mental and bodily exertion, which are usually combined, and are always combined in the nursing woman, there is the danger to which the nurse is exposed by the presence of disease, especially when the disease takes what is called a contagious character. Our views are very different now from what they were on this subject of contagion, and we who look on are surprised in this day to see contagion spreading by or through the nurse. It looks at first sight as if nurses were specially protected in regard to contagion, for it is quite true that some nurses go through risks which we would not expect from ordinary people. It is a comparatively rare thing to see a nurse suffering from smallpox, although she may be in the very heart of it ; it is not a common occurrence for a nurse to be subject to consumption ; she rarely falls even in the face of typhus fever, and it is very many years now since I knew a nurse to become a victim to typhoid. This so far is fortunate, and gives some reason for the idea that nurses are contagion-proof ; but when particular provisions cannot be made for their protection, they suffer just as other people do. For example, I have attended nurses who have been subjected to erysipelas, scarlet fever, measles, whooping-cough, tonsillitis, diphtheria, ophthalmia, and to other maladies placed among the zymotic forms of disease, and when they are once attacked there is really not a pin to choose between them and patients of the general class. They are young, they are strong, hopeful, and rarely die from any attack, but their recovery is slow ; they have to take the utmost care that they do not by their bodies, or by their clothing, carry about the elements of disease, and they lose, when they are affected, a great deal of time as well as of work. I think, too, they always are prolonged sufferers, in a sense, to the exposures to which they have been subjected ; they are themselves more scrupulous than they were before ; they are liable to recurrences of some affections which

come more than once in life, and their minds are not always so steady, in regard to the sick, as they were before the time when they had personally no experience of sickness. We have to take these facts into account in every one of our nurses, and we have to consider whether their life can possibly be as good as it otherwise would be if they were engaged in another and more salubrious occupation.

We have also to consider, in regard to the family nurse specially, all the surroundings in which the nurse is immersed, quite irrespectively of what occurs between her patients, their doctors, or their friends. The sick-room or the sick-ward is invariably and inevitably less cheerful than the ordinary room of the private habitation or the outdoor life, in which things are comparatively lively, and the air comparatively pure. The nurse gets accustomed to the sick-room or the ward, but it is not that kind of custom which leads to sanitary success. The air is heavy and often requires to be changed, and the habits of patients are not uniformly of such a nature as to be at every moment cheerful. There are times, too, when the nurse is put to the severest test; she may have to attend, and indeed has to attend, on those who are not simply sick, but are sinking into dissolution; she has to see that these are to the very last properly disposed of; she may have to take part in the inspection of their remains; and however soon she may learn these duties, and however much she may become accustomed to them, she never loses them; they keep by her side, and they are ever coming up before her when she least expects them, and often when there is no occasion that they should be expected. I have known more than one young woman who after trial of the hospital or of the sick-room for even a few weeks—not more—has retired from the occupation because she felt that it was not only uncongenial but absolutely objectionable. She probably has entered into the service with the greatest enthusiasm; with an absolute desire to do her best for her suffering fellow-creatures, with a feeling that she will sacrifice herself for their benefit; with a sense that she has health, youth, and strength sufficient to conquer every difficulty; but when she has come to meet those difficulties she finds that she cannot meet them in the manner that is efficient, that pleases all concerned, and that is of just value. She therefore retires, and finds some other pursuit; or if she drags along, impelled by her first considerations, she falls into a kind of obscurity; is not what she

originally was, and in the end feels it absolutely necessary either to leave the work in which she has been engaged, or to sink under the extreme weight which it calls forth.

II. THE PROTECTION OF THE SICK NURSE.

It would be unbecoming in me in this place, and on this important occasion, if I did not take the opportunity of speaking of the protection of nurses from the one great enemy to which they are subjected—alcohol. This enemy has, very fortunately, much gone out among the nurses, and we no longer hear from them such sayings as those of the nurse lady of whom Dickens has spoken, ‘Don’t ask me whether I will or whether I won’t, but put the bottle on the chimleypiece that I may wet my lips when I feel disposed.’ Still danger is not far off in some cases, and it is a danger that requires our perpetual consideration. There are, unhappily, too many circumstances, even in this day, which call for protection. It is still commonly believed, by the majority of all concerned in the attendance on the sick, that alcohol is necessary in the treatment, and that it is specially necessary among feeble and sick persons. It used to be a common article, especially in our asylums, workhouses, and infirmaries for the poor, and it is still held to be so necessary in many of our hospitals that you may see the nurse at certain times marching through the wards carrying a tray bearing glasses of whisky, brandy, or whatever else may have been ordered for the use of the inmates. These facts bring the nurse into close proximity with the parent evil, and while constantly suggesting to her that alcohol is a necessity for sustaining the active life, and for keeping up the body under all fatigues, tempts her to try the same means, and entices her to bear up under its assistance. The temptation is seductive, for there can be no doubt that it is very easy for alcohol to lay hold, as it were, upon the person who partakes of it; to make him or her feel that it cannot be dismissed during an emergency, and occasionally must be resorted to at all risks. It makes the body warm for a moment; it stimulates the heart; it appears to give clearness to the mind; and it appears to add strength to the body. It does really none of these things, but it appears to do so, and, so good is the appearance, it is rarely trifled with. Persons generally have spoken of the effects of alcohol as the production of Dutch courage, and they are not wrong when they suppose that for brief periods there is a dash of

spurious pluck derived from what alcoholics take. It is a very poor pluck, very short in its existence, and it leads invariably to one sentiment, that more of the excitant is required in order to meet the emergency; thereby the taking of it not only becomes a habit, but the continuance of taking it also dawns upon the mind, and makes it felt that the dose deserves to be enlarged and repeated in order that life and strength may be kept fully to the fore.

No occupation in the world calls more urgently for this apparent advantage of alcohol than the nurse's occupation. The nurse is exposed to fatigue; she is kept awake and watchful for many hours; she is subject to starts and noises which are extremely disturbing; she is bound constantly to meet emergencies, and with the temptation that is before her, of alcohol as a support and shield, it must be extremely difficult for her to avoid a declaring friend of the kind. Yet alcohol is nothing more than a declaring friend; it never does any good in any one of the circumstances named. It does not support the body in its fatigue, and it certainly does not support the mind. Sir Benjamin Brodie, who was a capital judge of all that was about him, said in regard to it, that while it removes the uneasy feeling and the inability of exertion which the want of sleep occasions, the relief is only temporary; it does not create power; it merely enables one, as it were, to keep up that which is left, and then leaves one more in need of rest than before, and it is worthy of notice that opium is much less deleterious to the individual than either gin or brandy. I am not speaking now my own opinions, nor indeed the sole opinions of so great an authority as Sir Benjamin Brodie, but I am repeating the opinions of a large number of members of my profession who are as one upon the question in hand. Inspector-General Sir John Hall said 'that neither spirit nor malt liquor is ever necessary in health; the healthiest army I ever served with had not a single drop of it, and, exposed to the hardships of Kaffir warfare at the Cape of Good Hope; in wet and inclement weather, without tents or shelter of any kind, was better off without it.' The late Dr. Lankester said of it that poisoning from it in Great Britain was prodigious, and that it caused the death rate of one-tenth of the whole population. The late Dr. Munroe held that it constantly produced a kind of delirium, and that it more than doubled the deaths occurring from fever. The late Dr. Murchison urged that the systematic treatment of fevers and agues with

large quantities of alcohol was not for its success, and that there was abundant evidence to the effect that typhus might be treated successfully with little or none. Dr. Bennet, of Winterton, spoke of alcohol in a similar manner, and Sir Astley Cooper—not to name many more—observed, ‘I never suffer ardent spirits in my house, thinking them evil spirits. If the poor could see the white livers and shattered nervous systems which I have seen as the consequence of drinking, they would be aware that spirits and poison are the same thing.’

I do not attempt to strengthen the argument I have used because nurses are at the moment the subject of contemplation. I speak quite generally, but I do wish it to be understood by the nurse and by those who are interested in the nurse, that an attendant on the sick is not in the least degree exempt any more than the community at large, and that the nurse should, under any circumstances, try to protect herself, or be protected, from such an arch enemy as alcohol.

Nevertheless, alcohol is a constant source of assumed protection. The nurse may conceive the idea of its usefulness on her own part, or she may act in accordance with the presumption that it is often recommended in very high quarters, under serious circumstances, and under what is supposed to be general commendation. She also finds friends who think she is right when she imbibes triflingly, and is sometimes persuaded, even commanded, to take wine, or some spirit, in order that she may be ‘kept up’ to her duties. I have known a patient offer the suggestion that the nurse should take something; because the patient has thought it necessary, or because, in his or her own case, it has been felt to be necessary, and has, as it were, pledged the attendant to be subjected to the same kind of treatment.

In old days, before our knowledge was extended as it now is, it might be quite fair and just for persons to take the view, in regard to the usefulness of alcohol, specially into their thoughts in regard to nursing and nurses. We have fortunately learned to put such a view completely aside, because we have seen that it is not a view tenable in any respect whatever, and have practically in a large number of cases set it aside, excluding it as a protection for the class of industry which we are now taking under our observation. Dr. Cheyne, of Dublin, was, I believe, one of the first who heartily and thoroughly expressed the sentiment against alcohol as a means of work, but he had a predecessor long before, of the same name, who, in a more cautious but not very

practical way, spoke out a similar conviction. The elder Dr. Cheyne was of opinion that alcohol was not necessarily good for those who were undergoing fatigue, mental or bodily, nor for those who were subject to weakness, from whatever cause arising. 'I notice,' he urged, speaking from the knowledge of his day, 'that when a person becomes sick we physicians cut off alcohol from him under the idea that abstinence would be the best for the diseased state, but when we see him beginning to recover, then we gradually reintroduce wine or something like it, because, practically, the sick man is able to bear it, and the very words that we speak in this respect when we re-order the stimulant are promising, if not certain, of our forebodings of a removal of the disease and a probable recovery.'

But it is not until later years that we have arrived at a complete decision respecting alcohol and its bad effects on watchers and waiters, and prohibit it altogether as a main supporter of living action. It has required a good many persons to observe and touch the truth. The late Dr. Parkes, of Netley, deserves immense credit for the observations he made on soldiers and on men and women who are obliged to devote their lives to persistent work, and if, at this hour, I specially declare that the nurse of all persons should be protected from a dangerous remedy, it is simply because I am led to the duty by the survey of a better series of clear facts than ever were presented to the mind, that I venture to speak with so much certainty as I now do.

We see all round, and detect at every point the same story. We once heard how cruel it was to deprive the poor inmates of the workhouses of what was considered their one great blessing. We turn to this question in regard to workhouses; we gather all the opinions that can be collected from different parts of the kingdom in respect to the use of alcohol in such places as workhouses. It is unnecessary to go over the ground in detail, but the results are that even where fatigue might be considered to be coincident with life, and where in the last stages endurance is most required, alcohol is the least necessary, and that removal or protection from its bad influences on the mind and on the body is far more than compensated by the quiet which follows its absence, and the sustenance that is maintained by true foods employed as a substitute for it. We turn to our hospitals, where the sick and enfeebled are congregated, and we detect that a similar law prevails, and that even many of the medical fraternity,

opposed or unopposed to its use, have become of opinion that extreme moderation in its use is at all times, and seasons, and ages by far the best policy. We turn to our prisons, our asylums, and all our public institutions with a like detection of results that favour the abstinence cause. We glance across the sea, and learn that our troops in India afford the like lesson; we glance at the seas themselves and the management of ships upon them, and once more we are forced to appreciate that protection from the use of alcoholic drinks is the best protection that can be observed by an individual, a body of individuals, an institution, or a nation.

With regard to our more immediate subject, I hope it is clear, even from a general survey, that the sick nurse of all persons requires protection from every kind of alcoholic beverage, and as if to make surety doubly sure we have, at last, the experience of the hospital itself before us for our guidance. Over twenty years ago the experiment was tried of establishing a hospital in this great metropolis where there should be no kind of stimulant used by anybody—neither the nurse nor patient. The London Temperance Hospital was established, and has been maintained, with clearest evidence, that for both patient and nurse alcohol is absolutely unnecessary. During the whole of that long period alcohol has only been administered to the sick of this institution seventeen times, and then with no benefit, while by the nurses who have been employed in attending the sick it has been utterly ignored; yet everything has gone on better than could have happened if a spring of alcohol had been near the hospital, had supplied it, and if anybody connected therewith had been treated, at pleasure, as they might have been with water. The sick have never suffered; on the contrary, the sick have benefited largely by the abstinence. It would be a mere pretence to say that every sick person who has gone into the hospital has recovered, or has benefited personally; that indeed would be preposterous, for sickness is the same there as elsewhere—a severe scourge; but it is quite right to say that the balance in favour of the hospital is as evenly good as in any other place in which the sick have been, and it is a broad and steady fact that the nursing system has been exemplarily grand. Nurses in this institution are subject to the same anxieties as in any other. They work hard; they watch closely; they keep the same memoranda; they live in the same manner; they do the same things as nurses do everywhere; and they undergo the same training. They never touch alcohol, nor lift themselves up to the duties that lie before them by the supposed benefits of it,

but they do well, and perform soundly and accurately all the duties that are imposed upon them. I have been cognisant with these duties for some years past, and I have been cognisant of the duties of the sick nurse for half a century, and I am bound to say I never saw those duties so well performed as when the nurse was removed altogether from the stimulus of alcohol. The abstinent nurse is the best of all nurses. She possesses endurance, she is watchful, she is tidy, she is ready for emergency, she is of even temperament, and she can be relied upon both by the doctor and by the patient. I have also seen that the temperance nurse is the happiest nurse: she sleeps better, reads better, thinks better, acts better than if she were subject to any kind of excitement. She passes through her training, and passes into her sphere, or into public life among private patients, with singular aptitude and success; giving her opinions with more caution than others, and sustaining the sad influences, which bind themselves to sickness, with unvarying fortitude. She casts on one side, or, at all events, does not project numberless superstitions which surround those who are less prepared than she is for the most difficult and the worst complications; and I am sure that she is better in health than those who seek for sustainment by the artificial maintenance of alcoholic drinks. She lives, in fact, under exertion longer and more safely from the fact that she is invariably temperate. I also think she is safer from the contraction of disease; a safety I do not pretentiously proclaim, but which is not frequently seen. Undoubtedly she retains her health and good looks as excellent sets off against all rivals.

III. THE ULTIMATE PROVISION FOR THE NURSE.

Up to this time we have seen that the nurse has a career which, under the most favourable circumstances, is an arduous one. We have noted that the life can be modified very much by the surroundings that accompany it, but we cannot conceal that a day must come in which the career will reach its end. That day comes earlier with the nurse than with most of mankind, ending, even under good circumstances, about, or a little over, the fiftieth year. The ending is one much to be pitied, for it is not of a kind that leads to a pursuit that is self-containing and different. It will be said that a good many nurses get married when they are in their prime, and that they end their lives, as other women do, in domestic duties. I would not deny this,

for I have seen some instances in which nurses have married, and married well, but great numbers are not so fortunate—if it be a fortune. For many years they have learned nothing but their own vocation, and they find in the end that few professions are open to them which they can follow from the learning they have obtained. They are ever an increasing multitude; they have rivals who are young, active, and enterprising; what, therefore, they most want is to lay themselves down in peace, secured from the hardships of the world, and prepared to look upon the inevitable days that have to come as if they still had some pleasure in them. We have met to-day to consider, as one of our objects, the securing of that peace of mind, rest, and comfort which shall attend the position of those who during part of their lives are the friends and helpers of persons who can do nothing for themselves, and who most urgently require aid. A want long felt has to some extent been met for providing a nurses' pension, which will effect what is now most necessary. It is not for the nurse alone that we plead—we plead quite as consistently, quite as much for the sick person as for the nurse. It is essential that the sick person should be attended during his or her helpless condition by one who knows her vocation thoroughly well, and whose whole life is devoted to the business connected with it. The nurse is not required to cast her eyes too much into the future; she can look back with advantage, and remember that 'on such and such an occasion I did such a thing with or without success,' and she can act according to the lessons she has been obliged to learn. But it is exceedingly wrong that she should have to forecast; that, when all her strife is over, when she is getting too old and inactive to perform her acquired tasks, and when others younger than herself are ready, she should ask, 'What am I to do? where shall I live? how shall I be clothed? and how shall I be fed?' She wants, in fact, to feel in her duties a free mind and a full knowledge that she, of all persons, will not be neglected; that she, whatever may be her difficulties, is provided for, and that she will have to the last of her days good friends and a comfortable home. To what she has secured she may add anything that is of a respectable nature and of useful character, but she herself must be at rest, in mind as well as body, whenever she pleases; while we, of all others, would transmute her hopes into realities. We would, if we could, put our views before the world in all their ramifications, with the arguments that if the world knew as we do

the blessings that could be attained by the efforts the world could put forth on the nurse's behalf, a change leading to the advantage of everybody, and tending rapidly, and in the most satisfactory way possible, to the cessation of our further attempts towards a good and useful reform, never more necessary than at the present hour.

CONSTITUTION OF SICK NURSES' PENSION FUND.

I should recommend :—

(1) That a general fund should be raised for nurses of all classes, including that which at present exists for female sick nurses, and presided over by a chairman as the committee might determine.

(2) That all nurses connected with the pension fund should contribute a small sum of money annually, which would enable them to partake of its benefits; such annual sum payable by the nurse from her first entrance upon her duties being not less than, say, 1*l.* per annum.

(3) That to the said fund subscriptions should be invited from the public at large, so as to supply the necessary revenue.

(4) That nurses taking advantage of the pension should be entitled to do so on attaining the age of from fifty to sixty years.

(5) That the sum awarded to each nurse retired from active duties should not average less than 30*s.* per week, and, under due supervision, should be maintained at that rate during the life of its recipient.¹

¹ Since the above address was delivered I have learned that under the suggestion of H. C. Burdett, Esq., a Royal National Pension Fund for Nurses has been instituted; that it works well, and that all particulars relating to it may be obtained from the Secretary, Louis H. M. Dick, Esq., 28 Finsbury Pavement, E.C.

The Little Legacy.

‘Wealth often sowes in keeping.’—QUARLES.

‘A HUNDRED thousand is such a good round sum,’ said Mr. Mapleson, tentatively. ‘Seems a pity to spoil the symmetry of it, eh? Any little odds and ends that might be over’—and he looked at his client, as though feeling his way, with the caution habitual to a confidential adviser upon delicate ground.

‘It might be more than odds and ends,’ replied the client.

‘Of course—of course. Might run up to another “century,” or—to anything you please. But as it stands you wish to leave a hundred thousand—the amount of your actual capital at the present moment—to your nearest of kin, Mr. Charles Grenoble; and there are a few hundreds over——’

‘A thousand,’ corrected the client.

‘A thousand. And there may be a few more thousands—there *may* be, as I said, anything you like to name. Should it amount to any decent sum—say, to ten or twenty—nothing would be easier than to add this on; but meantime—hum, ha—is there no one? Have you no poor devil of a relation to whom such a trifle——’

‘You have some one in your eye.’ Mr. Grenoble, the Mr. Grenoble whose will was being made, was a man of quick intelligence, and knew his old friend in and out. ‘Out with it, Mapleson. Of whom are you thinking?’

‘Ha! ha! ha!’ ‘Pon my word——,’ the lawyer laughed, played with his pen, and shot a glance. He had not meant to be detected in a stray impulse; and, moreover, was not precisely sure whether detection might not defeat his object. ‘You are so uncommonly sharp,’ he murmured, ‘that—well—it’s no use beating about the bush with *you*; I had best own up, I suppose: there is that poor fellow, Tom Hathaway——’

‘Oh, bother Tom Hathaway!’

‘He is some sort of cousin, isn’t he?’

‘Cousin? What’s a cousin?’ The rich Mr. Grenoble frowned

and growled over his basin of soup. He was an invalid for the time being, and had summoned his solicitor to his sick-room, having, as he said, a day or two leisure wherein to look into his affairs.

‘If one were to take into consideration every poor, shiftless hanger-on who calls himself a cousin——’

‘Quite so, quite so. It is simply folly to fritter away capital in dribblets. I catch your meaning; and we are quite at one on the point. Still’—the lawyer yawned, and shifted his leg—‘still Tom is a decent fellow; and I fancy, with a wife and a large family, must find it rather a struggle——’

‘What business has a man in his position with a wife and a large family?’

‘None whatever, of course,’ said Mr. Mapleson, cheerfully. ‘You and I, two jolly bachelors——’ and he proceeded to enlarge.

It took an hour’s time, but ere the close of the interview he had gained his point. For each objection raised he had a cordial assent; in all general condemnation of poor men, and the desirability of ignoring their existence, and leaving them to lie upon the bed themselves had made, he could promptly acquiesce; but insensibly the wealthy testator found himself being led, first to argue the pros and cons of the case in question, then to yield a sort of tacit consent, fenced in by many a reservation; and finally to permit the clause to be added which his legal adviser had intended to add from the beginning of the conversation.

‘Now, what on earth did I do that for?’ muttered the latter to himself as, the business concluded, he went his way. ‘It has cost me a lot of time and trouble; and, except for the pleasure of getting my own way, I can’t imagine what object I had in view. Benevolence isn’t in my line. And it’s a queer sort of thing that the sight of a man’s face, and a few ordinary words let fall in my hearing—not even addressed to me—should have stirred up all this coil! It’s not likely to do any good either. Grenoble may live for twenty years, and pile up his “centuries” like W. G. Grace. He will be sending for me again before I can look round, to make a new will, and bowl out poor Tom. Gad! I wish I had let Tom alone! It is two o’clock now,’ consulting his watch, ‘and I ought to have lunched at one; and though I told Grenoble that it was no matter, when he was sitting sipping his slops in his comfortable armchair, I didn’t bargain for having to go without food until an hour beyond my usual time. What did I do it for, I say?’ proceeded the lawyer, testily. ‘Because I am an old fool, and Tom Hathaway’s hungry face—there he is now coming out of a tea shop!’ suddenly

bending forward, as his hansom whirled rapidly along the Strand. 'Had a roll and butter for his luncheon, I dare say—and some coffee, or disgusting trash of that kind! No wonder he looks white and thin! Digestion all gone to the dogs, I'll be bound. Faith! Tom, if you knew what I've been doing for you just now,' apostrophising the unconscious pedestrian who hurried past, and was soon lost in the crowd, 'you'd hold your shoulders a little straighter, my man! But it'll all come to nothing—it'll all come to nothing,' mused Mr. Herbert Mapleson, his busy mind again at work on contingencies and probabilities. 'Tom's little legacy will never come off, I shouldn't mind betting a hundred to one. Lucky he doesn't know of it! "Blessed are they which expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed."' And dismissing the subject from his thoughts, the prosperous man of business settled down to other matters, which demanded the whole of his time and attention until the close of the day.

Nothing was further from his anticipations than to have it recalled within the week—almost, as he declared among his colleagues, before the ink was dry upon the parchment—by the swift development of his old friend's complaint, ending as it did in Mr. Grenoble's decease before the lapse of another month.

'Bless my soul! if Tom Hathaway hasn't come in for that legacy after all! I—'pon my word—I little thought I was doing Tom such a good turn.'

It was not perhaps strictly decorous, but this was, as a fact, Mr. Mapleson's first thought on receiving the intelligence.

He had been prepared for it. The doctors had looked serious from the day on which a change set in and new symptoms appeared, (that being, as we have said, very shortly after the interview above narrated took place); in consequence our legal friend had had time to acclimatise himself to the idea, and to ponder at intervals over the contents of the will which he had so recently drawn up; also to heave an easy sigh now and again on the altar of friendship.

But he had never known Mr. Grenoble intimately; their relations had always been more or less on a business footing; and he knew so many people—met so many familiar countenances every day—had such innumerable interests, and such a cool head and heart wherewith to meet them—that one loss in the large circle of his acquaintance—one, moreover, which did not enter into his daily life—could not be expected to affect him deeply.

Furthermore there was a 'big thing' on the Stock Exchange

which interested Mr. Mapleson very keenly indeed. He could not quite make up his mind about it; it might be that he was losing a chance; on the other hand he was disinclined to meddle with any of his investments, and had no loose money handy at the moment. He was almost worried about the matter; and had nearly decided to let things go, and turn a deaf ear to the crowings over their luck which fortunate speculators kept pouring into his ear, when the post brought him a large fee which came in a manner unexpectedly—that is to say, he had not reckoned upon its payment before a later date. He took the cheque and looked at it; then he rang the bell. Within half an hour his broker on 'Change had received an order. This was on the day of Mr. Grenoble's demise.

It was a matter of course that Mr. Mapleson should attend the funeral, which followed within the week; and he reflected that after discharging that unpleasant duty—for the day was bitterly cold and raw, and the long, slow drive to Kensal Green, in addition to the rest of the ceremonial, was a detestable prospect—he should at least have some gratification in the two legal communications regarding the nature of the will, which would fall to his pen. One of these, indeed, he dashed off through his clerk as he was putting on his great coat.

'Poor Tom Hathaway will go home a trifle warmer this wretched evening if he carries this note in his waistcoat pocket,' reflected he, briskly moving about and turning over papers to make sure that nothing was forgotten.

'I shan't return to the office, Williams,' aloud to the confidential clerk. 'It will be late before I get back from the cemetery, and Mr. Charles Grenoble may wish me to go with him to his house. But mind that I get all notes and letters which come in before the office closes, as soon afterwards as possible. Bring them to me yourself. And if Mr. So-and-So should send over (naming his broker) go and see him yourself; tell him where I am gone, and if he has any message of importance, ask him either to wire or to give you a note. Prepare the draft for Mr. Charles Grenoble, and bring it to me to sign. I don't think there is anything else;' and taking up his hat and gloves the speaker, somewhat ruefully, quitted his snug chamber and prepared to brave the raw atmosphere of a November afternoon.

But few of those who had known the late Mr. Grenoble cared to do the same; and it appeared that on the return journey his nephew and only relation present was about to drive alone in the mourning coach which had followed next the hearse in the outward-

bound procession, when on a sudden Mr. Mapleson took a resolution. He had been somewhat coldly greeted by the principal mourner, for whom he had neither liking nor esteem—and it may be added that he had merely thrown in the suggestion of going to Mr. Charles Grenoble's house, above recorded, as an excuse for not returning to the City, rather than from any real intention of carrying it into effect—but it occurred to him now that it might be rather an amusing experience to try the effect of unbosoming himself regarding the will he had drawn up a month before, when alone with the principal legatee.

'Whatever he may *expect*, he can't be *certain* of anything,' reflected the lawyer, shrewdly, 'and I should doubt if he even has any great expectations. There was no love lost between the two. They kept aloof from each other as much as they could, and snapped and snarled when they had to meet. They were as like as two peas—a couple of surly, selfish, ill-conditioned peas. But 'tis ill speaking hard words of the dead,' hastily covering his head again, as the group moved away from the grave. 'I oughtn't to have been thinking such things just now,' with a twinge of remorse, 'and perhaps poor Charles Grenoble,' casting a glance in the latter's direction, 'would be hurt and affronted if he knew. He *may* have some feeling, for all that stucco face. Anyhow he'll look sweet for once, when he hears he has come in for a hundred thousand pounds. That's a lubrication adamant itself can't resist. He might even give me some of the handling of it,' and Mr. Mapleson was presently by the other's side.

'If you have no objection I shall ride home with you?' And a somewhat stiff assent having been signified, the coach started with its two occupants.

'You will receive a formal communication from me in the course of this evening, Mr. Grenoble.' ('May as well begin at once,' cogitated the lawyer, feeling that the sooner the ice was broken the better.) Then he emitted a little preliminary cough, and straightened his collar. 'I dare say that its contents will be no surprise.' Here the speaker paused, awaiting some sign of interest. None came.

'Being the late Mr. Grenoble's natural heir'—(another pause; Mr. Charles Grenoble looked straight in front of him)—'you are of course prepared to hear that he has made a will in your favour.' Still no response.

('Won't commit himself,' muttered Mapleson internally. 'Uncivil brute, as he always was!')

'I drew it up a month ago,' proceeded he aloud, 'and am pleased to be able to inform you—('Hanged if I am pleased!' mental comment)—that the amount of your uncle's capital at that time was a hundred thousand pounds; which sum is left to you unconditionally. Your uncle was worth a hundred thousand odd, I should say—for there was a trifle over, how much I don't quite know—bequeathed to another and more distant relation.'

'To whom?' For the first time the fixed, immovable lips parted; but the head did not turn—no, not by a hair's breadth—towards Mr. Charles Grenoble's companion.

'To whom? To your cousin, Mr. Thomas Hathaway. Mr. Hathaway—'

'I have no interest in Mr. Hathaway.'

'Ah, indeed; no family intercourse. Yes, I suppose so; I understood as much; but Mr. Grenoble thought—'

A wave of the other's hand disposed of Mr. Grenoble's thoughts. ('What on earth—is he not going to say *anything*? Was there ever such a—— Confound it! I wish I had not let myself in for this! Devil take him and his hundred thousand!') The lawyer's temper was rising; Mr. Mapleson was not a man to be treated with indignity; and the present rebuff was the more acutely felt in that he had prepared himself for something altogether different.

He would have had no objection to a passage at arms with Mr. Charles Grenoble at any time; even coldness and silence could have had their tit-for-tat on any other occasion. But to have somewhat genially broached a subject, confident of its favourable reception, one which should have obtained at least a civil hearing, and display of interest, if not of warmth—and to have been snubbed—yes, actually snubbed—as though he had made an officious and altogether superfluous communication, was intolerable.

He drew himself upright in his corner, vowing inwardly that he had learned a lesson in mankind. Even the acquisition of a hundred thousand pounds would not make a cur less a cur for a single fraction of a minute, than he was by nature.

Certes, if silence were the order of the day, he would not again essay to break it. He too could look gloomily out of his window, and occupy himself with his own reflections.

He had enough to think about, in all conscience. Perhaps at that very time he was making a handsome *coup* on 'Change, one which should bring him in, if not a hundred thousand, at any rate what would be a very solid addition to his already flourishing income.

He would be pleased enough to net his six or seven thousand, and would not be above owning it. Indeed, he frankly avowed to himself that the telling his friends, and chuckling over his good fortune with them, would be the 'milk in the cocoa-nut' of the whole proceeding.

Mr. Mapleson was not an avaricious man, and had already all his wants supplied, together with a future comfortably provided for. But it was his theory that no man of sense ever despised wealth; and since he himself was ready to acknowledge this opinion—to proclaim and justify it, if need were—it was unendurable in his eyes that a professed money-grubber, such as he had always held Mr. Charles Grenoble to be, should stroke his impassive face and stare vacantly from the window, affecting indifference to the important news he had just heard. Worse than all, that he should have the cool audacity to imagine that anyone, least of all his clever self, could be deceived by such a clumsy piece of acting.

As soon as decency permitted, he would end the scene and escape from the thrall of such companionship—never, he swore to himself, to be caught in such a trap again—and accordingly hailed a passing hansom, the first that came in sight.

'You are getting out here?' Mr. Charles Grenoble involuntarily exhibited participation in the other's relief; then, to the lawyer's amazement, held out his hand with actual and undisguised cordiality. 'Stop one moment, Mr. Mapleson, before you get out. I believe I ought to beg your pardon for having been rude to you just now. I am afraid you must have thought my conduct somewhat extraordinary, but I assure you it was not intentional—that is to say, the fact is I am so bothered with money coming in from here and from there, and from goodness knows where, that sometimes I'—(putting his hand to his forehead)—'the worry of it will drive me distracted some day, I believe! I was just afraid of what my uncle would do. Of course he could not leave it to anyone else; that would have been highly improper; and I can't imagine what could have put it into his head to throw any away upon that poor, unfortunate Tom Hathaway, who has never *got on* in anything he undertook, has never been the slightest credit to the family, and has not been taken any notice of by either of us for years and years. To rake him up now is a sheer piece of folly, and will lead to endless complications. He will fancy he is to begin coming to our houses, and will be expecting invitations and so forth—and this when he has been kept at arm's length all his life! There

was no need to have disturbed the existing state of things—none whatever. I must own, Mr. Mapleson, that for a moment I had a sort of suspicion that it was you who had been so inconsiderate as to prompt my uncle’—(if Mr. Mapleson experienced any internal sensations, at least he did not betray himself)—‘and that annoyed me,’ proceeded the speaker, as though now satisfied he had made a wrongful accusation. ‘The whole thing is annoying; but I must do my best,’ heaving a sigh. ‘I must look out some new investments, and go through those the funds are in already. It will be a heap of trouble—endless trouble—and that just when I was hoping to take things a little more easily. My doctor says that if I don’t take care and give myself more holiday, he won’t answer for the consequences. Look at my poor uncle! And I have double, treble his responsibilities. I have nearly double as much again to manipulate; it’s a heavy strain upon a man. I ask you, therefore, to excuse me, Mr. Mapleson, if in the first flush of vexation, I could not bring myself to acquiesce cordially in the arrangement. I hope you will overlook anything that gave you offence, and—and I shall communicate with you later on.’

‘Now how much of that was genuine, and how much was humbug?’ quoth Mapleson to himself, trying to get over his first surprise. ‘There was *some* truth in it, but there was a lot of sham. He does grudge the trouble; but he wouldn’t let go *one stiver* of the money—no, not even Tom Hathaway’s poor little popgun of a legacy, if by hook or by crook he could have collared it too!’

‘Oh, do, Jenny, not heap up such an enormous fire, and knock the ashes about all over the place!’

Jenny’s mamma spoke with a fretful intonation, which was obviously foreign to her nature and quickly repented of. ‘I know you mean well, my dear; and it is nice for your father to see a bright fire and a clean hearth when he comes in—especially on a night like this,’ glancing outside, for the shutters were not yet shut, and the street lamp opposite the window revealed the raw, murky atmosphere and reeking damp of a November evening—‘but there’s no need to waste—’

‘I didn’t mean to waste at all.’ Jenny, a tall girl of fifteen, plied tongs and shovel vigorously. ‘I sha’n’t waste a single cinder; they shall all go on the top,’ protested she, suiting the action to the word. ‘But I know poor papa will come in cold and miserable, and you always tell me to make the room look comfortable for

him—to cheer him up and give him a welcome. I thought you liked a good fire,' in aggrieved accents.

'Yes—yes, my dear—yes, of course; I am not blaming you, only coals are such a terrible price; here is an enormous bill just come in;' the speaker sighed and glanced at a paper in her hands. 'How it is ever to be paid, I am sure I don't know!'

'But you knew it had to come, mamma.'

'I knew; but I hoped to get some others settled first. There are several that I have been keeping back; thinking that, as this was the last day of the month, your father would get his salary paid and I could ask him to let me have the money.'

'Well, can't you, and leave the coals for a little longer?'

'Oh, yes, I *can*; in fact, I *must*'—again the speaker sighed and looked dejectedly round—'but I could hardly bear to see that great cart-load at the door to-day, just when the cook was telling me that she must have the plumber sent for to the kitchen range, and that something has gone wrong with the tap in the scullery too.'

The door opened and another daughter entered.

'What a comfort to see a decent fire!' exclaimed she, popping down upon a stool in front. 'I am so cold in this thin frock. Mamma, I suppose we may send for patterns of warm things now, mayn't we? You said if we hung on till the end of November we could get our winter frocks in time for Christmas. And I have been thinking——'

'Do you suppose you really must have them? There are so many of you, if we once begin; and now that skirts are so wide they take such yards and yards of material——'

'I was going to say,' said Bertha, looking thoughtfully into the fire, 'that if we could have some stuff for new blouses—some really good, nice-looking, warm material, velveteen or corduroy——'

'Corduroy is very expensive,' interpolated her mother.

'It would be nothing compared with the expense of coats and skirts, such as other girls have. And we might manage to make our old skirts do by lining them with flannel or flannelette.'

'Oh, Bertha, mine could *never* do.' The younger and less considerate Jenny rushed into the arena with a terrified protest. 'Mine is all stained and frayed,' cried she, exhibiting here and there the deficiencies indicated.

But Bertha was resolute. 'It could be turned,' said she, decidedly. 'You could help to do it yourself, if we had some one in to make the blouses; we could easily work under her direction. But, mamma,' in a lower voice, 'I am afraid the little ones really

must have some new under-clothing. You know how Wynn timer has been coughing all this week, and when I went into the nursery this morning, Jane told me she did not like to worry you, but that she was sure both the children were not properly clothed for this weather. She showed me their things——'

'They shall have what they require; I shall manage it somehow,' said Mrs. Hathaway, hurriedly; 'I have still something to sell,' involuntarily turning round the diamond ring upon her finger. 'Bertha—Jenny—not a word to your father—nor to the boys—nor anyone. At least we can spare them this. And if I should get enough,' looking fondly at her sole ornament, 'for you, my poor dears, to have——'

'Never mind *us*.' Bertha came and threw herself across her mother's knees. 'We can do very well. I didn't know it was as bad as that, mamma; only the poor children——'

'Yes, yes; you were quite right to tell me about them. If I were able to go into the nursery myself! But no one must think of keeping things back from me because of my being an invalid. It would make me worse—far worse—than anything else, to know that others were suffering from my neglect.'

'Neglect! You did everything in the world for us as long as you could,' said Bertha in a choking voice, whilst Jenny, subdued, also leant tearfully against her mother's chair. 'You worked and slaved for us,' continued the elder girl, with breath coming and going fast, 'sitting up at nights, and staying at home all the fine summer days, and never taking a holiday, and always pretending that you were so well and strong, until you could pretend no longer——'

'Hush! hush! There is your father at the gate.' Mrs. Hathaway, who had been returning tenderly the kisses pressed upon her cheek, suddenly started upright, and dashed the moisture from her eyes. 'He must not find us like this,' said she, briskly. 'There is little enough in his own life to cheer and encourage him; and if he finds us *down* it will depress him the more, and unfit him for doing the work he has to do. He often has a headache when he comes in. That's right, Bertha, go out and meet him; and Jenny, dear, try not to bring forward unpleasant subjects; you know what I mean. You have not quite Bertha's tact, though I know your dear, warm heart would not for the world give anyone pain.'

'But, mamma, is there any use in shirking?'

Mrs. Hathaway held up a warning finger, for the tones of a shrill young voice were somewhat too penetrating, and the front door had now admitted the master of the household.

Then the mother replied in a firm, steady under-tone, 'There is no use in "shirking,"—but neither is there any use in discussions which cannot further the object in view. When there is anything to be *done*, it would be foolish and cowardly, it would be wrong, to shrink from speaking out and taking counsel together; but merely to bewail our poverty, and indulge in useless aspirations and enumerations of things we need which we cannot get, and must learn to do without, is but waste of breath, and worse. By overshadowing our spirits, and turning our thoughts downwards instead of upwards, this kind of talk interferes with our going through our daily work diligently, and meeting our troubles cheerfully. Now, run out and see what they are waiting in the hall for,' proceeded the invalid, in a lighter tone; for Mrs. Hathaway was, for the time being, chained to the little hard couch which did duty for a sofa in her small, plainly furnished drawing-room.

Mrs. Hathaway was one who practised what she preached, and in the few moments which elapsed ere figures were again seen in the doorway she had gathered strength from no unfamiliar Source, and composed her features to their usual gentle air of serenity and welcome.

She had made up her mind that the day had dragged as heavily with her husband as with herself.

It had been an especially trying one from various points of view in the humble household. We have had a glimpse of its culminating scene; and there had been divers lesser annoyances to contend with, some of one sort, some of another; while, through all, there had grated harshly on the sensitive nerves of the poor prisoner, who could never escape out of hearing, the scrunching and snorting of a loathsome steam roller, which ground endlessly up and down over the newly repaired suburban road in front.

Even her gentle soul had been stung to irritation at last, as we know, and the goodly hotbed of coals with which the small apartment was now glowing had nearly had their flames quenched by her at the outset.

That had passed, and she was now glad they were there; glad that her poor husband, coming in weary and chilled—too often downcast and dispirited also—But how was this?

It was certainly no downcast, dispirited countenance which met her timorous, faintly investigating smile. It was a voice most unlike her poor Tom's usually subdued tones—(poor fellow! he had almost forgotten how to speak jovially)—which responded to her wifely inquiries. It was a brisk, alert, upright little grey-

headed man who stepped into the room, and who laughingly threw off a couple of excited girls eagerly clamouring for the problem to be unravelled, and the secret, whose existence had been admitted, to be disclosed in the hearing of all.

'You shall hear it, sure enough.' The father and husband bent over the sofa for the never-failing embrace. 'Jenny, love'—in his excitement the old name, which had of late been transferred to the younger proprietor, rose to Mr. Hathaway's lips; and he stroked fondly the head that had once been as glossy and golden as the other Jenny's was now—'I have brought home a medicine that will go far to cure thy ailment, poor wifie,' and the speaker sat down beside the couch, and held out his other hand to the two impatient ones standing by.

At the same moment a boy burst in, laden with school books. Quick as thought, Bertha had turned round with an imperative sign, and opened her mouth to bid the intruder retire, when, 'No, no,' cried her father, beckoning Charlie also within the circle; 'come in, my boy, come in. I've got a bit of good news to tell, and you shall hear it with the rest.' Then he paused and looked solemnly, yet with radiance shining in his eyes, at each in turn. 'A wonderful thing has happened,' he said, 'a most extraordinary and— and wonderful thing. I have been left a legacy of a thousand pounds!'

'There seems no end to what it will do,' cried Bertha over and over again.

Twenty-four hours had passed, and each had been filled with its own measure of joyful communings and glad anticipations.

'Mamma, to think how nearly you had lost *that*!' continued the affectionate girl, touching the beautiful ring, whose diamonds seemed to emit a new effulgence—as indeed they did, for nothing would serve the enthusiastic Jenny but to clean and brighten them afresh in honour of the occasion. 'Oh, mamma, perhaps only another day, and it would have gone! The one jewel you possess in the world! And what we all know you value besides, because of so many associations. . . . Well now, I have made out the list of bills,' and with tenfold the importance of a judge Bertha spread her papers, pencil in hand, 'and we will pay every one of them first of all. They don't amount to much in the light of a thousand pounds,' continued she, joyously, 'although they seemed so overwhelming when we had only poor papa's salary to go upon, and they were to be scrimped one by one out of every month as it

came in. Perhaps we may not even need to touch the thousand at all for the bills; as Mr. Mapleson wrote that there was a thousand "odd," and that "odd" may quite likely cover the bills, papa thinks. And then we may use a hundred, may we not, in getting put to rights altogether? The house really wants it *dreadfully*——'

'Indeed it does.' But Mrs. Hathaway's acquiescence was rather one of pleased anticipation than of regret. 'It ought to have been painted from top to bottom last year. And had it not been our own we should have been forced to do it; no landlord would have let us off. We thought that was the one good thing about our having bought this poor little house and mortgaged it so heavily. We shall pay off the mortgage now,' and she looked round with the air of a proud proprietor. 'You must remember, children, that we shall not receive Mr. Grenoble's legacy at once; and though your father will have no difficulty in getting an advance on the security of Mr. Mapleson's letter, it will only be a few hundreds. Still a few hundreds, and the rest to follow shortly!'—and her eyes shone.

'I was thinking we really ought to have a little household linen,' meditated Bertha aloud. 'The towels are so very thin, and there are hardly enough to go round——'

'And the water cans are in a deplorable state,' assented her mother.

'And, oh, mamma, can't we have the piano tuned?' It was Jenny's turn next. 'The tuner has not been here since April.'

'You may send for him at once;' Mrs. Hathaway nodded cheerfully. 'And poor Charlie's bed, I will have that mended. The poor boy never complains, but it must have been very uncomfortable. And the lock of his door is broken——Oh, there is your father's voice outside!' All paused to listen. 'He has brought some one home with him,' said Mrs. Hathaway with a fresh smile. 'He used often to bring a friend home in this easy way when we were first married; but it is so long since we have had anything to offer. That's right, Bertha, make a blaze,' and she drew herself up on the couch, and arranged the coverlet over her feet to prepare for company.

She was hardly prepared, however, for the visitor who was ushered in. Although she knew Mr. Mapleson, she had not seen him hitherto within the walls of her own modest dwelling. Here also was a new departure.

'Mr. Mapleson was good enough to say he would come down

with me and call upon you this evening, my dear.' It was natural that the speaker's accents should have in them a certain formality in the presence of a stranger, but it did not escape the wife's ear that there was also a nervous intonation and something of the well-known shadow on her husband's brow. He now proceeded.

'Mr. Mapleson wished to consult with us both on a little matter of business——'

'An investment for the legacy left you by the terms of Mr. Grenoble's will;' the lawyer took up the thread, and seated himself with a courteous inclination towards the young lady who had hastened to place a chair.

'An investment?' Mrs. Hathaway looked from one to the other with feminine appeal for enlightenment.

'My wife does not understand much about such things; neither, to tell the truth, do I.' Mr. Hathaway forced a little laugh, which had not a genuine ring. 'We did not quite understand, did we, my dear? that this money which our cousin has been kind enough to leave us, has to be invested—will remain in Mr. Mapleson's charge, to be invested for us—so we shall get the interest instead of the capital. Of course it's all right; no doubt it is better so; it will last longer, and——'

'But perhaps it is a little disappointment?' The visitor looked keenly round. 'I dare say the ladies have already spent in imagination——'

'That's it; just so.' The girls' father made a hasty movement, as though to intervene between their faces and the guest. 'I was a little over-hasty in telling them; and they had been reckoning up, as young people will—but of course *we* understand,' and the poor little man made a dignified movement and straightened himself upon the hearthrug.

'Yes, *we* understand.' The voice from the sofa was low and soft, but no tremor was audible. ('A woman who would back up her husband in anything,' decided Mr. Mapleson within himself.) 'We are greatly obliged to you for taking this trouble,' continued the speaker steadily, 'and shall be very glad of any help you can give us.'

Mr. Mapleson produced some papers from his pocket. As he did so he heard a husky whisper behind his chair.

'Are we not to get *any* of it now, Bertha?' And looking up at the same moment the quick-witted lawyer perceived a spasm upon the father's face, and noted that the mother had averted hers.

When they spoke, however, no one would have guessed the

effort which shaped the syllables of calm propriety which fell from the elders' lips. The papers were passed from one to the other. Mr. Mapleson's proposals were hearkened to with deference; his advice was taken, and himself empowered to act in all respects according to his own judgment.

Still he did not go; he seemed unwilling to go. He entered into a discussion about the merits, or demerits, of the neighbourhood; his eye wandered round and round the little room, taking in—or at least so poor Bertha fancied—the shabby, darned curtains and broken window-cord; and though there was more than one prolonged pause, it was not until all had begun to feel the strain almost beyond their powers to bear, that he at length rose.

'You won't stay to dine with us?' said Mr. Hathaway, faintly. He knew there would be a good dinner—the dinner which had been ordered to celebrate the family festival—and hospitality prompted the invitation, even while a sick sinking at the heart almost forbade its utterance.

All the glorious news of yesterday seemed to have turned to a mirage. It was true that forty pounds a year, which Mr. Mapleson considered would be the probable interest of the sum bequeathed, meant a pleasing addition to his annual income. But compared with a thousand pounds down!

The 'odd' too had faded out of sight. It had only amounted to a trifle, and had been used for expenses. He was longing to be rid of another presence, yet shrank from the moment when he and his should be again alone. How happily had he gone forth that morning! How smoothly had the wheels of life rolled throughout the day! And how confidently had he awaited the glad bustle of his return!

It had been agreed that a family conclave was to be held, and pros and cons discussed. He could scarcely bear to mark the quietude of the little chamber now.

'Just step with me a moment outside, will you?' said Mr. Mapleson.

'But, my dear sir, I—I, really—I am so bewildered! This munificence—this extraordinary, unparalleled good fortune!' Poor Tom Hathaway shook all over, and a narrow slip of paper in his hand wriggled in the lamplight. 'It is incredible——'

'Not at all incredible.' A hearty hand patted him on the shoulder. 'You think me a cold-blooded individual, Hathaway; and I dare say wouldn't give me credit for——but even a selfish

old bachelor may sometimes enjoy giving a pleasant surprise. I didn't come all this way out to shed gloom and disappointment in a place that, to tell the truth, looks dismal enough without the need of anything additional,' with an involuntary glance of disparagement at the sodden road and monotonous frontage.

('God bless my soul! How can people live in such a locality?' muttered Mapleson to himself.)

Then he continued his cheerful strain aloud, 'Let me explain. I meant to have my little joke—to tease your wife and daughters for a few minutes, and then to produce this cheque and make them jump. But somehow I couldn't do it. There was *that* in your wife's face—and those poor girls! Well, well, forgive my seeing below the surface, Hathaway; we lawyers can't help prying, you know; and even your mask of cheerful acquiescence didn't take me in. It was a disappointment, eh? I had guessed as much, but I didn't know *how* much until—never mind when. It made me feel queer, I can tell you. Now, my good sir, do you understand that this,' tapping the cheque, 'is your own earned money—("at least if it can be called "earned," *sotto voce*). 'Anyhow, it's made honestly,—and I had nothing to do with it beyond the fact that I was the medium of making it for you. Are you listening? I don't suppose you are,' jogging his dumb companion playfully by the elbow. 'But still, as you have got to tell others, you may as well let me tell you once again. On the day of Mr. Grenoble's death, when I knew you would come in for this small legacy—small as compared with what he left his other relation, that grumbling curmudgeon Charles—the Stock Exchange was "humming" with African shares. I made up my mind to have a fling on your account; and if it turned up trumps, well and good; if not, I guaranteed in my own mind to make good the loss. I had just done uncommonly well for myself in the same line, and could afford it. That was a week ago, and the result of the week is that your thousand has made five! I retain the original sum, to be invested according to Mr. Grenoble's wishes—(which I explained just now to yourself and Mrs. Hathaway)—and for the other four thousand you hold the cheque in your hands. It is yours absolutely—and you can make ducks and drakes with it as soon as you like. Eh? Oh, never mind. No thanks. God bless you, my dear fellow; God bless you,' and with a parting grip of the hand the speaker vanished in the darkness.

Nor did the worthy Mapleson's kindness end here. He had

received an impression from the visit never to be effaced. He took an ever-increasing interest in the affairs of the family he had befriended. In the course of time the schoolboy Charlie was received into his office; and one fine day when his nephew and heir, Herbert Mapleson, came and stood before him, bristling with resolution and defiance, to announce that he had offered his hand and heart to Bertha Hathaway, and that neither his people nor hers should put a spoke in his wheel, for marry her he would, &c. &c. with all the usual variations—all the formidable uncle did was to hear him to the end, and then say, with a smile which he could not for the life of him make sarcastic, 'Bless my soul! young man, do you think because people wear spectacles that they can't see an inch beyond their noses? There; get me my hat; and we will go off together to call upon my future niece. I am not such a fool, Herbert Mapleson, but I can still admire a pretty girl, and a good girl, when I see one. I shall have to make another fling one of these days on Tom's account,' he cogitated. 'It all came of that queer little legacy of his.'

L. B. WALFORD.

Vae Victis.

BESIDE the placid sea that mirrored her
 With the old glory of dawn that cannot die,
 The sleeping city began to moan and stir,
 As one that fain from an ill dream would fly ;
 Yet more she feared the daylight bringing nigh
 Such dreams as know not sunrise, soon or late,—
 Visions of honour lost and power gone by,
 Of loyal valour betrayed by factious hate,
 And craven sloth that shrank from the labour of forging fate.

They knew and knew not, this bewildered crowd,
 That up her streets in silence hurrying passed,
 What manner of death should make their anguish loud,
 What corpse across the funeral pyre be cast,
 For none had spoken it ; only, gathering fast
 As darkness gathers at noon in the sun's eclipse,
 A shadow of doom enfolded them, vague and vast,
 And a cry was heard, unfathered of earthly lips,
 'What of the ships, O Carthage? Carthage, what of the ships?'

They reached the wall, and nowise strange it seemed
 To find the gates unguarded and open wide ;
 They climbed the shoulder, and meet enough they deemed
 The black that shrouded the seaward rampart's side
 And veiled in drooping gloom the turrets' pride ;
 But this was nought, for suddenly down the slope
 They saw the harbour, and sense within them died ;
 Keel nor mast was there, rudder nor rope ;
 It lay like a sea-hawk's eyry spoiled of life and hope.

Beyond, where dawn was a glittering carpet, rolled
 From sky to shore on level and endless seas,
 Hardly their eyes discerned in a dazzle of gold
 That here in fifties, yonder in twos and threes,

The ships they sought, like a swarm of drowning bees
 By a wanton gust on the pool of a mill-dam hurled,
 Floated forsaken of life-giving tide and breeze,
 Their oars broken, their sails for ever furled,
 For ever deserted the bulwarks that guarded the wealth of the
 world.

A moment yet, with breathing quickly drawn
 And hands agrip, the Carthaginian folk
 Stared in the bright untroubled face of dawn,
 And strove with vehement heaped denial to choke
 Their sure surmise of fate's impending stroke ;
 Vainly—for even now beneath their gaze
 A thousand delicate spires of distant smoke
 Reddened the disc of the sun with a stealthy haze,
 And the smouldering grief of a nation burst with the kindling blaze.

' O dying Carthage ! ' so their passion raved,
 ' Would nought but these the conqueror's hate assuage ?
 If these be taken how may the land be saved
 Whose meat and drink was empire, age by age ? '
 And bitter memory cursed with idle rage
 The greed that coveted gold above renown,
 The feeble hearts that feared their heritage,
 The hands that cast the sea-kings' sceptre down
 And left to alien brows their famed ancestral crown.

The endless noon, the endless evening through,
 All other needs forgetting, great or small,
 They drank despair with thirst whose torment grew
 As the hours died beneath that stifling pall.
 At last they saw the fires to blackness fall
 One after one, and slowly turned them home,
 A little longer yet their own to call
 A city enslaved, and wear the bonds of Rome,
 With weary hearts foreboding all the woe to come.

HENRY NEWBOLT.

The Man of Bath.

POPE has made all readers familiar with the name of 'The Man of Ross.' In a few very conventional and very ungrammatical lines—for Pope, the supremely 'correct' poet, was, like a certain Emperor, above grammar—he has sung the praises of an admirable man who was never weary of devoting his comparatively small income to public and private charities. Pope did not himself know 'The Man of Ross.' But among Pope's personal friends there was one who was known by a somewhat similar title. This was Ralph Allen, 'The Man of Bath.' He was the friend, not of Pope only, but of Pitt, Fielding, Smollett, Warburton, Chesterfield, Garrick, Gainsborough, and very many others. Allen, though very far from being an uninteresting man in himself, is now practically forgotten. But a man who could number such names as these among his friends cannot have been quite an ordinary man. And, indeed, he was not. He remains, however, a man whose interest for posterity lies chiefly in his association with the names of others far more famous than himself.

A very few sentences will suffice to tell the story of the boy who rose from poverty to enormous wealth, and to the friendship of all the leading Englishmen of his time. Ralph Allen was born in Cornwall in 1694. He was the son of the landlord of one of the old-fashioned, comfortable, roadside inns of those days. A grave, courteous, and intelligent lad, he was free from all vanity and conceit, but was always perfectly self-possessed. His grandmother had the charge of a post-office in Cornwall, and the boy was employed there. He gave such satisfaction that in 1715, when he was about twenty-one years of age, he was promoted to the Office at Bath. Very soon he himself became post-master. He was full of schemes for postal reform, pressing his plans with modest earnestness on the authorities in London. The details of the reforms which he effected belong to a history of the Post Office. It is sufficient to say that he did much to revolu-

tionise the postal system, and that, by so doing, he laid the foundation of his great fortune and of his social standing in Bath. He used his influence in the most honourable and beneficial way. In the almost overwhelming prosperity which came upon him, he was always calm, courteous, modest; a man of great capacity for work; always setting his work above himself, and never himself above his work. His private generosity was unbounded, and Bath knows what his public liberality was. This was a man of unrivalled tact, of the serenest temper; plain, of an unassuming dignity, almost Quaker-like in his ways, in spite of his commanding position; yet one who never, in face of the greatest in the land, allowed the simplicity of his manner to hide his dignity of mind. He died in 1764, at the age of seventy-one.

Out of his abounding wealth, Allen built for himself a splendid abode, and delighted—without any ostentation, though at the same time with a certain old-fashioned stateliness—to invite distinguished men to his house and gardens. No eminent Englishman of the day, if visiting Bath or its neighbourhood, failed to receive an invitation and a welcome to Prior Park. Passing over Marshal Wade, one of whose daughters was Allen's first wife, we find Allen on intimate terms with Pope. The intimacy between the two men began in connection with one of the most of the many discreditable incidents in Pope's literary career. Mr. Leslie Stephen writes strongly, but not too strongly, when he says in reference to the Correspondence of Pope: 'It is painful to track the strange deceptions of a man of genius as a detective unravels the misdeeds of an accomplished swindler.' Pope was a confirmed liar, and he lied very hard indeed about the publication of his Letters. Having, by means of a trick, secured their publication by a notorious piratical bookseller, he at once declared that the Letters were forgeries. Yet while he was calling out for their suppression he was really anxious for their sale. The details of all his trickery and lying need not be gone into here. Pope, full of vanity, and longing to publish his Correspondence, had purposely employed a notorious bookseller to issue an edition, in order that he might then be able to say that the version was a piratical one, and that in self-defence he must publish the genuine text. The odd thing is that, though the whole affair was exposed at the time, it does not seem to have done Pope any harm. Dr. Johnson, indeed, says that it did him good, and that the nation was full of praise for the admirable qualities of candour, benevolence, and fidelity which the Letters revealed. Here is some comfort for any

living literary genius who has not yet published his private correspondence.

Among those who were taken in by Pope's fine sentiments was Ralph Allen. Shrewd as he was in business, Allen had a vein of simplicity in his character, and, being a good man himself, was perhaps rather too willing to believe in the supposed goodness of others. At any rate, he so admired these Letters that he wrote to Pope, in 1736, offering to pay the expense of a genuine edition. Pope preferred other ways of publication. But he wrote in a rather fawning style of thanks to Allen, and added :—

‘Did I believe half so well of them as you do, I would not scruple your assistance ; because I am sure that to occasion you to contribute to a real good would be the greatest benefit I could oblige you in. And I hereby promise you, if ever I am so happy as to find any just occasion where your generosity and goodness may unite for such a worthy end, I will not scruple to draw upon you for any sum to effect it.’

Pope did draw upon Allen. But he had a strange idea of the usual methods of repayment, as will be seen from Allen's quiet comment on a portion of Pope's will.

This incident of the Letters was the beginning of a friendship between Pope and Allen. Pope soon became a frequent visitor at Prior Park, where he was simply loaded with kindness. Pope's own Letters abundantly prove this. For many years he was an inmate of Allen's house during the Bath season, and it was there that in 1741 he completed the *Dunciad*.

The one thing that keeps Allen in the memory of the general reader is Pope's couplet :—

Let humble Allen, with an awkward shame,
Do good by stealth and blush to find it fame.

But this was not what Pope originally wrote. In his first version ‘humble Allen’ was ‘low-born Allen.’ Allen was a man of far too great independence and dignity of character to be offended if anyone—especially a shopkeeper's son—reminded him that he was of lowly birth. Allen was only the son of an innkeeper ; Pope was only the son of a linen-draper. There is really not very much to choose between the two. Pope may have meant well when he altered the epithet ; he may have wished his readers to think less of Allen's humble birth, and more of his unpretentious character. But whatever Pope meant by either of his adjectives,

there is a rather unpleasant air of condescending patronage in his language. Pope possibly had no offensive intention. But his bad taste was gross. Take the following letters, and let it be remembered that Pope, asking in 1738 if he might put Allen's name into one of his poems, had already, without asking, done so three years before. Pope writes :—

'Pray tell me if you have any objection to my putting your name into a poem of mine (incidentally, not at all going out of the way for it), provided I say something of you which most people will take ill, for example, that you are no man of high birth or quality? You must be perfectly free with me on this, as on any, nay, on every other occasion.'

This is sheer hypocrisy, and Pope's offence is made worse by another letter which he wrote to Allen in the same year. Allen was too magnanimous to publish it, and it did not appear till seven years after Pope's death :—

'I am going to insert in the body of my Works my two last poems in quarto. I always profit myself of the opinion of the public to correct myself on such occasions, and sometimes the merits of particular men, whose names I have made free with, for example, either good or bad, determine me to alterations. I have found a virtue in you more than I certainly knew before till I had made experiments of it, I mean humility. I must, therefore, in justice to my own conscience of it, bear testimony to it, and change the epithet I first gave you of *low-born* to *humble*. I shall take care to do you the justice to tell everybody this change was not made at yours, or at any friend's request for you, but from my own knowledge you merited it.'

A less generous man than Allen would have resented such condescending insolence. But Allen took no notice of it. He merely went on helping Pope with personal friendship and with money. It is true that the friendship between the two men was slightly cooled for a very brief period shortly before Pope's death. The exact cause of their difference is a little obscure. Martha Blount seems to have been at the bottom of it. Pope's affection for her is well known, and not the slightest reproach attaches to their friendship. But Patty, when visiting at Prior Park with Pope, does not seem to have got on very well with Mrs. Allen. Pope took offence. Some say that he was angry because Mrs. Allen resented Martha Blount's insolent and arrogant ways. Others assert that Pope's ill-feeling arose because Allen, when Mayor of Bath, declined to allow Miss Blount to use his carriage

to drive to a Roman Catholic chapel. Miss Blount herself very absurdly said to Spence that the Allens treated Pope with rudeness and unkindness—a stupid assertion, disproved by no one more amply than by Pope himself. The little difference was a trifling one. Allen himself thought that it was simply a case of two women who did not quite understand each other, and who needlessly exaggerated their small misunderstandings. Most quarrels are mere misunderstandings. Things were very soon made up between Allen and Pope. The very slight coolness between the two occurred only a very little time before Pope's death. Pope invited Allen to Twickenham, and there was a ready reconciliation.

Allen and Pope are rather curiously connected in Pope's will. Pope had made for himself a fair income by his literary work, especially by his translation of Homer, and very specially by his shabby payment of the men who helped him in that undertaking. Of course, Pope's few thousands were nothing more than a few pence to a man of Allen's great wealth. Yet Pope leaves Allen 150*l*.! Even when he was writing his will, Pope could not speak as a straightforward man. He leaves this ridiculous sum to one of the richest men of the day, 'being, to the best of my calculation, the amount of what I have received from him, partly for my own and partly for charitable uses. If he refuses to take this himself, I desire him to employ it in a way I am persuaded he will not dislike—to the benefit of the Bath Hospital.'

Allen, of course, handed the money to the Hospital, dryly remarking that Pope was always a bad accountant, and that he would have been nearer the mark if he had not forgotten to add another cypher to the 150*l*. Johnson says that Pope 'brought some reproach upon his own memory by the petulant and contemptuous mention of Allen, and the affected repayment of his benefactions.' On the whole, Pope does not show very well in his connection with Allen. It is only too easy to see that the generosity and uprightness were on the side of the forgotten Allen, and not on the side of the famous Pope.

Pope's intimacy with Allen links the name of 'The Man of Bath' with that of another celebrity of the time who was closely connected with Pope's literary career. A seemingly trifling incident led to important results in the life of William Warburton. One day when Pope was dining with Allen, a servant handed him a letter. Pope read it, and seemed greatly agitated. He told Allen that a Lincolnshire clergyman, to whom he was

much indebted, was about to pay a visit to him at Twickenham. Allen, in his generous way, at once asked Pope to invite his friend to Prior Park. Pope's friend was Warburton—a man at that time of no very high standing in the Church. Allen's offer was gladly accepted by Pope, who did not know that at the same time he was making Warburton's fortune. In sending the invitation to Warburton, Pope showed his high appreciation of Allen's character. He wrote in 1741 :—

‘I am here in more leisure than I can possibly enjoy even in my own house, *vacare literis*. It is at this place that your exhortations may be most effectual to make me assume the studies I had almost laid aside by perpetual avocations and dissipations. If it were practicable for you to pass a month or six weeks from home, it is here I could wish to be with you. . . . The worthy man who is the master of it invites you in the strongest terms, and is one who would treat you with love and veneration, rather than with what the world calls civility and regard. He is sincerer and plainer than almost any man now in this world, *antiquis moribus*. . . . You will want no servant here. Your room will be next to mine, and one man will serve us. There is a library, and a gallery ninety feet long to walk in, and a coach whenever you would take the air with me.’

Allen added his invitation to Pope's, and Warburton soon had reason to congratulate himself upon his friendship with ‘The Man of Bath.’ Pope had said to Allen that this Lincolnshire clergyman had done him a great service. A curious service it was. Pope had written his *Essay on Man*, a confused compilation, made up out of suggestions from Bolingbroke, who told Pope all he knew about Shaftesbury and Leibnitz. A cry was at once raised that the poem was unorthodox, and Pope, quite ignorant of his subject, was unable to defend himself. Warburton had been one of those who joined in the attack on Pope. The poem, said Warburton, was atheistic. Pope retorted that Warburton was a ‘sneaking parson.’ Yet Warburton, for reasons of his own, was soon writing in defence of Pope, and Pope, a Roman Catholic, was enchanted to receive support from a clergyman of the Church of England. Thus it was that Allen's invitation to Warburton gave Pope so much delight. At Prior Park, Warburton did some exceedingly good strokes of business. He made himself attractive to Allen's favourite niece, and married her. As Allen left to his niece the greater part of his money and property, Warburton duly became the master of Prior Park. And

it was Allen, too, who got him his bishopric. For Pitt, through Allen's influence, was Member of Parliament for Bath, and he gave the bishopric of Gloucester to Allen's friend.

It has been thought that Warburton rather 'sponged' on Allen. There is an anecdote which gives some little confirmation to this suspicion. It happened once that Warburton and Quin, the actor, were guests together at Allen's house. One evening, Quin, to entertain the party in the drawing-room, offered to recite a passage from Otway's *Venice Preserved*. His looks and gestures made everyone see that he meant Allen and Warburton when he spoke:—

Honest men
Are the soft, easy cushions on which knaves
Repose and fatten.

But if one has no very great admiration for Warburton, and does not read the *Divine Legation of Moses*, Warburton, at least, deserves his due. He seems to have had a sincere attachment to Allen. In one of his letters he writes: 'He [Allen] is, I verily believe, the greatest private character in any age of the world. . . . I have studied his character, even maliciously, to find where the weakness lies, but in vain. . . . In a word, I firmly believe him to have been sent by Providence into the world, to teach men what blessings they might expect from Heaven would they study to deserve them.' This, of course, is the usual eighteenth-century style of epistolary exaggeration, but Warburton seems to have been sincere.

Pope, Allen, and Warburton were once painted together at Prior Park. It might be interesting to know where this picture may now be found.

The name of England's greatest novelist is closely associated with Allen's. Before Fielding knew Allen, Sarah Fielding, the novelist's sister, was a frequent guest at Prior Park. She lived very quietly in the neighbourhood of Bath, and Allen showed her much kindness. When Henry Fielding visited her there, and was writing *Tom Jones* at Bath, he dined almost every day at Allen's. It is said that Allen's admiration of Fielding's genius had moved him to present the novelist with two hundred guineas before there was the slightest personal acquaintance between them. Bishop Hurd met Fielding once at dinner at Prior Park. He wrote of him afterwards as a 'poor, emaciated, worn-out rake, whose gout and infirmities have got the better even of his

buffoonery.' Perhaps Fielding had been indulging in the not very difficult task of making fun of a fifth-rate bishop. Allen was not the man to invite worn-out rakes to his house and table. All readers of eighteenth-century English literature know that it was Allen whom Fielding pictured in his Squire Allworthy. He shows us Allworthy walking in his splendid grounds on a May morning, contemplating generous actions, when 'in full blaze of his majesty up rose the Sun, than which one object alone in this lower creation could be more glorious, and that Mr. Allworthy himself presented—a human being replete with benevolence, meditating in what manner he might render himself most acceptable to his Creator, by doing most good to His creatures.' The sentence, through its exaggeration, loses its claim to good taste; but there is no doubt that Fielding really meant what he said.

Fielding's other most famous novels are connected with the name of Allen. In *Joseph Andrews*, Fielding compared Allen to 'The Man of Ross.' 'Some gentlemen of our cloth,' says Andrews, 'report charitable actions done by their lords and masters; and I have heard Squire Pope, the great poet, at my lady's table, tell stories of a man that lived at a place called Ross, and another at the Bath, one Al——, Al——; I forget his name. . . . This gentleman hath built up a stately house, too, which the Squire likes very well. But his charity is seen further than his house, though it stands on a hill; aye, and brings him more honour, too.'

Allen constantly helped Fielding, and Fielding thus dedicated *Amelia* to him:—

'SIR,—The following book is sincerely designed to promote the cause of virtue. . . . The best man is the properest patron of such an attempt. This, I believe, will be readily granted; nor will the public voice, I think, be more divided, to whom they will give that appellation. Should a letter, indeed, be thus inscribed, *Detur Optimo*, there are few persons who would think it wanted any other direction. . . . Long, very long may it be, before a most dreadful circumstance shall make it possible for any pen to draw a just and true character of yourself, without incurring a suspicion of flattery in the bosoms of the malignant. This task, therefore, I shall defer till that day (if I should be so unfortunate as ever to see it) when every good man shall pay a tear for the satisfaction of his curiosity; a day which at present, I believe, there is but one good man in the world who can think of without unconcern.

'Accept then, sir, this small token of that love, that gratitude,

and that respect with which I shall always esteem it my greatest honour to be,

‘Sir,

‘Your most obliged and most obedient humble servant,

‘HENRY FIELDING.’

A sentence from Allen’s will shows that he did not forget Fielding’s family :—

‘I give to the three children of Henry Fielding, Esquire, deceased, the sum of one hundred pounds each, and to their aunt, Sarah Fielding, I give the sum of one hundred pounds, which said four legacies I will be paid in twelve months after my decease.’

Allen’s importance in Bath is amply proved by the fact that, as before noted, it was through his influence that Pitt became member for the town in 1757. Pitt had occasionally stayed in Bath before he became its representative, and his friendship with Allen was very intimate. It seems pretty certain that Allen paid Pitt’s election expenses both in 1757 and in 1761. This is how Pitt wrote to Allen in June 1757 :—

‘DEAR SIR,—The repeated instances of your kind friendship and too favourable opinion of your faithful servant are such and so many that thanks and acknowledgments are quite inadequate. Give me leave to present them to you, with a heart as truly yours as, on that account, makes me hope your goodness will accept them for something. I am, with my whole heart,

‘Dear Sir, your ever obliged and affectionate servant,

‘W. PITT.’

This is rather confused English composition, but the meaning is obvious enough. Allen’s help was forthcoming again at the next election. There is preserved in the British Museum a letter from Pitt to Allen, dated from St. James’s Square, December 16, 1760 :—

‘DEAR SIR,—The very affecting token of esteem and affection which you put into my hands last night at parting, has left impressions on my heart which I can neither express nor conceal. If the approbation of the good and wise be our wish, how must I feel the sanction of applause and friendship, accompany’d with such an endearing act of kindness from the best of men? True Gratitude is ever the justest of sentiments, and Pride too, I indulge on this occasion, may, I trust, not be disclaim’d by virtue. May the gracious Heavens long continue to lend you to mankind,

and particularly to the happiness of him who is unceasingly with the warmest gratitude, respect, and affection.

‘My dear sir, your most faithfull [*sic*] friend,

‘And most obliged humble servant,

‘WM. PITT.’

It is to be regretted that the relations between Pitt and Allen were a little overclouded shortly before Allen's death; but it is pleasant to know that their slight difference was entirely on a political question, and that their private and personal friendship was not for a moment interrupted. Pitt, who had been practically driven from office soon after the accession of George the Third, thought that the Peace of Paris, which in 1763 closed the Seven Years War, was an inglorious affair. He strongly opposed it. This brought him into some conflict with Allen. For among the many addresses of thanks to the King for the conclusion of the peace was one from the Corporation of Bath. It thanked the King for an ‘adequate’ peace, and of course reflected Allen's views. Pitt, who was member for Bath through Allen's influence, was greatly offended. He resolved to resign his seat. A correspondence between the two men followed. Allen wrote expressing not only his respect and affection for Pitt, but his veneration for Pitt's whole conduct. Pitt replied in equally cordial and generous terms, but could not accept the views of Allen and the Bath Corporation on the Peace of Paris. Other letters followed, full of expressions of the deepest personal esteem; while on the political side Allen writes: ‘It is impossible for any person to retain higher sentiments of your late glorious administration than I do.’

This honest disagreement on a merely political question left the other relations between the two friends absolutely unchanged. Allen, who died the next year, wrote in his will: ‘For the last instance of my friendship and grateful regard for the best of friends, as well as the most upright and ablest of Ministers that has adorned our country, I give to the Right Honourable William Pitt the sum of one thousand pounds.’ On his death-bed Allen repeated his goodwill towards Pitt. And when Allen died, Pitt wrote to his widow: ‘I fear not all the example of his virtues will have power to raise up to the world his like again.’ Everything in this incident in the friendship between Pitt and Allen is equally honourable to both of them.

Of friends less distinguished than Pope, Pitt, and Fielding, Allen had good store. Gainsborough and Garrick were frequent

visitors together at Prior Park, where the famous artist painted one of the portraits of the famous actor. And Richardson, too, was admitted. How like this sleek London shopkeeper, a man constantly attended by a crowd of tea-drinking and toast-eating women, is his pride in avowing that he had had the honour of being invited to dine with Allen. 'Twenty years ago,' said Richardson in his shopkeeper style, 'I was the most obscure man in Great Britain, and now I am admitted to the company of the first characters in the kingdom.' Richardson had never much reputation for refined dignity of manner, and talk of this kind shows that he never deserved to have it.

It has been said with truth that Prior Park in Allen's day was to Bath what Holland House was to London in later times. Perhaps one may add that there was more informal geniality and fuller freedom of talk—as distinguished from monologue—in the house at Bath than in the more famous salon at Kensington.

ARCHIBALD BALLANTYNE.

*Flotsam.*¹

BY HENRY SETON MERRIMAN.

CHAPTER XVII.

DANGER.

THE little party moved forward and stood in the compound of the square house. It proved to be deserted as Lamond had reported. For the army of Delhi was but ill-disciplined, and few watches were kept. Although technically besieged the mutineers were in fact the besiegers, for they usually attacked, and the British troops were sometimes hard pressed to repel the onslaught.

'They are all asleep within the house,' whispered Lamond. 'Let your men creep in and kill them as they lie.'

'Not I,' returned Harry, with eyes ablaze. For the news of Cawnpore had just reached the army outside Delhi and that word, written in blood in our history for all time, was already becoming a war cry, denoting no quarter and little justice for any coloured man. 'Not I,' said Harry; 'they will have to stand up and be killed. And we'll tell 'em who is doing it.'

They approached the house where silence reigned.

'Come on, you fellows,' cried Harry suddenly. 'Remember Cawnpore, Cawnpore it is!'

Alone he leapt through the window into a room where twenty bayonets awaited him, his great voice awaking the sleepers there to the sudden knowledge that their call had come. On his heels the men crowded in. There was a sound of scuffling in the dark, the hoarse cursing of the Englishmen, the wailing of the panic-stricken sepoys. Some one struck a light, and ignited torches

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brought for the purpose. Then followed a broken cry for mercy, a shriek of agony, a few men scuttling like rabbits round the walls, slipping on the swimming floor, and all was still again. A headless body lay near the window, while the severed skull grinned from a corner, the result of the first whistling swing of Harry's sword as he leapt in.

'Lay the bags against the walls and connect the fuse,' cried Harry, going towards the window again. 'But wait for me to light it.'

Then he stepped out through the open window into the first grey of dawn to join Lamond, as had been arranged, at the side door of the mosque. He ran round the white and sacred building, passing the chief entrance, which was barricaded. At the side door he found himself face to face with a tall native in the dress of a fakir, of whom many hundreds were abroad at this time preaching the Holy War, and promising eternal bliss to those who fell fighting the hated Christian rule.

'Out of the way, you d——d nigger,' shouted Harry, rushing at him with the point.

But the man had a long sword half hidden in the folds of his robe. With a quick twist of the arm he turned aside Harry's point, which for a moment stuck in the wooden jamb of the door. During that brief moment Harry had time for the uncomfortable reflection that had this been a fighting man instead of a priest, that mistake might have served to close a wild career. But the native neglected the opportunity, and Harry, wrenching his sword from the woodwork, stepped back to cut his adversary down with one whistling stroke. But here again a slow skill put forth without eagerness turned the crushing blow aside, and Harry staggered against the defender of the door. He recovered himself with a curse, and tried a feint and a thrust which Marqueray had taught him in an idle moment at Calcutta. But this again failed, and Harry Wylam, who deemed himself one of the best fencers in India, stood back breathless and dripping with perspiration.

It seemed impossible to break through the guard of this silent priest, who contented himself with merely defending the entrance to his temple. Harry had pistols in his belt, but gave no thought to them. Indeed his spirit was aroused, and the reflection that none would come to interrupt them had a certain fierce joy in it. He guessed that Lamond had effected an entrance to the mosque probably before the priest had been aroused by the sound of the massacre; but he did not call to him.

Instead, he ran in again, making use of all his skill, putting forth the whole of his great strength and agility. The growing light gleamed on the two swords—the one whirling and whistling through the air, the other steady and quick in its short, sharp turns. Harry could see that his adversary was a tall man, of slight build. The bare brown arm and wrist were emaciated, but the muscles stood out on the forearm like ropes. There was no hope of fatiguing this spare warrior-priest, who was cool enough and seemed likely to remain impregnable.

‘Lamond!’ shouted Harry. ‘Where the devil are you?’

It was getting light. A sortie from Delhi was almost inevitable, for the shrieks of the dying men must have reached the ears of the sentinels on the walls. So Harry, who would not shoot down his foe, called to Lamond, and almost immediately he saw the glint of a whirling sword over the turbaned head of the fakir, who dropped senseless across the doorway.

‘This way!’ cried Lamond from within, where darkness reigned supreme, and his thin white hand came out from the shadowy background seeking Harry’s. In a few moments they emerged again into the glimmering twilight, each carrying a burden thrown hastily into a ‘praying-carpet’ of thin rough-spun cotton of which the four corners had been gathered together.

They stepped over the body of the fakir, whose eyes were half-opened in a dazed return to consciousness. Lamond jumped aside hastily when he saw him.

‘That is the man who has dogged me ever since I have been here,’ he said.

And he would have run his sword through the half-senseless man had not Harry dragged him away.

‘No! no!’ he cried, ‘not that; that’s murder. Come on!’

The fakir moved a little, and his eyes opened wider. He saw the two men go away with their burdens thrown over their shoulders. In a few minutes Harry returned with two of his company, who carried bags of powder. He carelessly noted that the fakir had vanished.

‘Poor devil’s crawled away,’ he said to himself. ‘Gad—what a swordsman that was!’

He laid the powder against the walls and connected the bags by a fuse.

‘Now,’ he said, ‘run for your lives; follow the others. Run like the devil!’

The two laughed, and obeyed his orders. Then he struck a match, set it to the fuse, and ran back towards the house with a piece of smoking fuse in his hand.

He looked up, and across the valley the beating of drums told him that the city was astir. He lighted the second fuse, and then ran after his men. As he began to climb the slope the enemy's guns opened fire upon him, for their ammunition was practically inexhaustible. At the same time, the native troops flocked out of the Lahore Gate. But suddenly the earth shook and the sky was rent by a glaring tongue of flame that leapt up from the valley. A deafening roar silenced the guns—silenced all nature, which seemed to stand breathless. The enemy's troops turned and fled back through the gate. For a time the guns ceased firing. No one knew whether this was a mine or an accidental explosion of ammunition. The smoke hung motionless in the morning air, hiding the devastation brought about. And in the meantime the little party of Englishmen made their way back to the summit of the Ridge.

The daylight had developed ere they reached the British cantonment, and Harry, it is to be confessed, swaggered somewhat as he made his way between the neat lines of tents, of which the inmates were astir and anxious to learn the latest news. The hero of the moment had made his carpet full of valuables over to a trusty private, who had gone off quietly with Lamond to another quarter of the camp. Moreover, the treasure had for the moment slipped his memory. He was soaked in blood, for the man whose head he had severed at the window of the bungalow had fallen against him. Harry was wondering whether he would get the coveted Victoria Cross for this. He nodded to a friend here and there, and carried his head high enough to have graced the feathers of a field-marshal.

'Blown up the buildings south of the Lahore Gate,' he answered right and left, as the questions poured in upon him.

And more than one subaltern looked enviously at the handsome young fellow who made his way, laughing, to his tent.

He was fortunate enough too to have performed a deed which bore tangible fruit during the days that followed, while others, having perhaps displayed greater bravery and a deeper skill, had nothing to show for their prowess. Fortune thus ever appears to smile on those who woo her carelessly, while others, seeking her favours more earnestly, must needs go without them.

But Harry did not get his Victoria Cross for this or any other deed that he did during the Mutiny. At first he grumbled loudly at the favouritism, as he was pleased to call the selection for honours that lighted upon other men and left him undecorated. But he soon forgot his grievance, and sunned himself very happily in the glow of a present popularity. His was a nature given more to the enjoyment of the present than to thoughts of the future, and there was no happier man on the Ridge outside Delhi that morning in July than Harry Wylam.

'I wish,' he said complacently to Lamond—who breakfasted with him in the tent he shared with two other officers on volunteered service with the besieging army—'I wish old Marks had been here.'

'Marqueray, you mean,' was the unenthusiastic answer. 'Why should you wish *him* to be here?'

Harry did not answer at once. It happens to most of us to meet some other man in our course through life before whom we have a strange desire to excel. Marqueray occupied this position in Harry's existence. When the wild young subaltern was in disgrace his first instinctive desire was to conceal the mischance from his captain. When he happened to distinguish himself—which, as we have seen, he sometimes did in a reckless, lucky way—it was somewhat of a grief to him that Marqueray should never hear of it.

'Oh!' he answered Phillip Lamond hesitatingly; 'because he never thinks any good of me.'

He gave no further explanation. The name of Marqueray, indeed, was not conducive to a flow of confidential talk between these two men.

'I know somebody,' said Lamond, after a little pause, 'who will be proud of this morning's work.'

'Who is that?'

'Maria.'

And Harry's eyes fell before the glance of Maria's father.

During the meal there was little mention of the treasure found in the mosque. Such matters are better left undiscussed when walls are only canvas. Harry, moreover, showed little curiosity on the matter. His inclination was rather to set the subject on one side—on a shelf in his mind, as it were, where other incidents of his life were stored, and where the dust of forgetfulness would, perhaps, mercifully cover them up in time to come. He never took these mental relics down from their perch and turned them

over. Most of us, it is to be feared, have such a shelf of our own, and are no more courageous than Harry Wylam in the presence of our mementos.

'I have got it in a safe place,' Lamond had said carelessly, when he returned—washed and restored to his usual placid self—at breakfast time. 'When the country is settled again we will look into it. I suppose you will trust me to hand over to you your rightful share.'

'Oh, yes,' Harry answered hurriedly, 'that will be all right!' And he turned to the breakfast-table with a great interest in the simple military fare there displayed.

After breakfast he obeyed an order from head-quarters to present himself before one of the chiefs of the staff and report upon his exploit, which was duly noted to his credit, and earned him a company before long. Indeed, his promotion was promised him then and there. He came out of the chief's tent with a beating heart and a hundred good resolutions buzzing through his brain. It was a grand life, this soldiering. And he wondered how it was that he had been content to waste nearly four years in Calcutta when active service could have been had for the asking.

He sought out Phillip Lamond, and imparted the good news to him.

'I'm to get my company,' he said. 'Some of the people who think badly of me will have to acknowledge that there is some good in me yet.'

And Lamond wondered who these people might be. He was not, however, allowed to meditate long, for Harry's hearty hand came down on his shoulder with an affectionate emphasis.

'And I owe it all to you, old chap!' cried the young soldier. 'It was your idea—and your knowledge enabled us to carry it through. I can't think why you will not let me tell them that you were there—that you really did the whole thing!'

'Because,' replied Lamond, with his weary smile, 'I want you to have the whole credit of it. It is nothing to me. I am not a soldier, I am an old chap; while to you it may make a difference. But you didn't mention that we went inside the mosque?'

'No—you told me not to.'

'That's right. Never mention that,' said Lamond, with his pleasant laugh.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WITHIN THE GATES.

THE mutineers in Delhi had a great fear of mines—and the explosion which levelled the obnoxious buildings caused a sort of panic in the city.

‘It is,’ they said, ‘one of the mines that they are building under the city walls.’

And the quick voice of rumour did the rest. During the first part of the day no sortie was made. No daring native sapper could be found to go down and investigate the scene of the explosion in the valley. But as the hours passed by without further alarm, a sortie was at length made, and the true cause of the wreck of the mosque and its surrounding buildings identified.

The charred and shattered remains of the negligent guard were discovered amidst the *débris* of the square house, and two wounded men were brought in. The first of these—a poor water-carrier by trade—had been struck down by a falling stone as he hurried towards the city to raise the alarm. The second was the holy man, who had so courageously defended the door of the mosque against Harry Wylam. The fakir was known to some of his rescuers, and as they helped him along he told them how the attack had been made. He himself, he stated, had heard the shouts of the sepoyes defending themselves as best they could in the dark against the bayonets of the English, and being alarmed, had run round to the mosque, where he hoped to conceal himself. But one of the English officers had followed him and cut him down by a sabre-stroke over the head, which would most assuredly have slain him, but for the thickness of his turban. The skin was not cut, he further told his commiserating countrymen, but the blow had been a severe one, rendering him insensible during many hours. A stone from the ruined buildings must, he thought, have fallen on his ankle, for he could not walk without assistance. So he hobbled towards the city, painfully and with labour, leaning his spare weight on the arms of two kind-hearted gunners.

As they passed through the Lahore Gate he gave a sudden sigh, as of one who had accomplished at last a task long essayed, and there was a queer light in his eyes as he looked around upon the wild faces and the disorderly streets.

'Had he been in Delhi before?' they asked him.

'Oh, yes—but not since the siege!' he replied. 'Friends have I in Benares, where I am known. But not in Delhi. I feared that some might mistake me for a spy.'

'Ah!' laughed the soldiers of Delhi. 'The English have no spies. They have no one whom they can trust. It is we who have spies—in their camps, waiting at their mess-tables, writing out their official despatches. No—we have no fear of spies, for we have caught and killed the few they had. No doubt they would like to get a man into Delhi, but that they cannot do. Surely you are walking better now.'

'Yes,' answered the fakir slowly, 'the pain has left me a little.'

'It is, perhaps, that you are glad to get inside Delhi—where you are safe?' suggested the other.

'Yes,' replied the holy man with a little sigh, 'I am glad to get inside Delhi. But am I safe? Will the English go away?'

'Yes—of course. They have no more men. There are only women and old men left in England.'

The party were now passing along the chief street of the city, the Chandnee Chouk, the most beautiful street in all India. It cuts the town in two almost from wall to wall, in one unbroken line. For it stretches from the Lahore gate to the King's Palace, which stands above the river Jumna. On their right, far above them, gleamed and glittered in the morning sun the domes and minarets of the Jumma Musjid. Before them stretched the long unbroken line of palace and mosque and noble houses, all surrounded by gardens and trees. It was a prospect that pleased, but man was vile, for the roadway was a stream of lowest humanity. Soldiery, drunk with spirits and a great licence, were moving about in parties, while differences of opinion or creed were openly settled with blows and steel. The citizens and shopkeepers kept within doors, where they crouched in fear and trembling. But many of them fell victims to the rapacity and the violence of the disheartened sepoys. These openly defied their officers, and the commander-in-chief, Mirza Moghul, did not dare to enforce a stricter discipline.

This, and more, the soldiers told the wounded priest as they led him towards the quarters of their chief. The information of which he was possessed was naturally of considerable value to the mutineers, and the orders were that all wounded men from the valley should at once be taken to an officer holding a post similar to an English chief of the Intelligence Department.

In due course the fakir was haled to the presence of the chiefs, and abased himself even to the ground before these adventurers, who had risen to their proud position from the humble places of rascaldom, and held their authority in inward fear by outward bluster. These gentry would fain have enjoyed a greater state, and sat at a table covered with papers, bearing arms embossed with gold, wearing turbans where jewels sparkled. But the soldiery came and went with a careless gait, having, apparently, no reverence for the great. It was no better, they said, at the palace of the poor old king of Delhi—a mere regal peg upon which adventurers hitched their ambitions.

‘So,’ one of them said, speaking harshly in a voice thick with a long course of Oriental debauchery, ‘so you were present at the explosion outside the gates this morning?’

The fakir acquiesced, with a further abasement of his spare person.

They heard all that he had to tell them of the explosion, and of the probable numbers of the attacking party, which he took care to exaggerate. Then they showed a desire for more, and the man’s eagerness to impart what he knew had an Oriental shiftiness in it, which was perfectly understood by his hearers.

They contradicted him, subjected him to a close cross-examination, and, indeed, chased him up and down, in and out the paths of truth with considerable zest. For if there is one pastime dearer to the Oriental than lying, it is the discovery of his neighbour’s untruth. On one or two points the fakir admitted with a certain coy reluctance that his questioners had caught him tripping, and appeared to be no whit the less esteemed on that account. With regard to other items of news, however, he held his point, and at last one of his interlocutors began to lose his temper.

‘Do you mean to say that the Feringhees are not constructing batteries every night, in preparation for the big guns that are coming up from the South?’

‘I know of no such batteries, sahib.’

‘But they exist—they are now being constructed.’

‘No, sahib.’

‘Then you lie—you lie in your teeth.’

‘No, sahib,’ protested the fakir; ‘I tell truth—by my mother’s—’

‘Shabash! We do not want to hear of your mother—I have proofs that you are lying!’

The fakir shrugged his shoulders with true Oriental calm. He was in no wise afraid of the upstart leader—one of many who sprang up in Delhi at this time, and in the morning were cut down. He muttered something in his beard.

‘What say you?’ cried the soldier.

‘I think you have no such proof.’

The soldier leapt to his feet and leaned across the table from whence he had hurriedly snatched up a bundle of papers.

‘But what are these?’ he cried. ‘What are these—lying son of a false mother?’

The fakir took the papers and spread them out on the floor, where he squatted down after the manner of his country. He opened the folded papers one by one—examining them carefully.

‘These are plans,’ he admitted at last, ‘of the British lines, showing the new batteries to be constructed.’

‘Yes,’ cried the soldier triumphantly, ‘and they are drawn up by an Englishman. We do not employ only badmashes as spies, as do the Feringhees. We have better men than that!’

The priest was examining the papers with a glitter beneath his shaggy eyebrows. The plan was in each case explained by the text appended in a fine handwriting. They were on native-made paper, but the work and the handwriting were unmistakably European. The fakir breathed hard, as if with difficulty. He folded the papers and handed them back with a cringing bow. They were plans, sure enough, of British lines and batteries as usually constructed by our engineers.

The chief of the Delhi staff took back the documents with a proud smile of triumphant cunning. He threw them down on the table without taking the precaution of counting them, which was a mistake, for the fakir had one of the papers concealed under his bare foot.

The priest presently went limping out into the busy streets a free man, but in disgrace for an unsatisfactory spy. The roadway was almost impassable by reason of the ill-manners of the sepoys, who rendered miserable the lives of the unarmed citizens of Delhi. It was only when he had passed the bank and found his way to the magazine that the fakir secured that solitude for which his soul seemed to long. He found a quiet spot at last beneath some trees overlooking the Jumna, and here squatted down against the wall of a wrecked house, the recent dwelling of a high English official.

He sat for some time in that Oriental depth of reflection

which must assuredly be nearly allied to sleep. Then he began to fumble slowly in the folds of his voluminous and not too clean apparel. Before long he produced the plan of a battery which he had succeeded in purloining from the authorities, and unfolded it with that air of treasuring a trifle which belongs to beggars of all nations. After a pause he searched a second time amidst the intricacies of his clothing, and produced a second treasure. It was a note written on the paper of a well-known Calcutta club. If the fakir was able to decipher English he might have read as follows:—

‘DEAR HARRY,—Heard of a horse that will suit you down to the ground. Shall I send him round to your quarters this afternoon?’

‘Yours ever,

‘PHILLIP LAMOND.’

The priest laid the two side by side upon the ground, and compared them. The letter and the plan supplied to the mutineers in Delhi were written by the same hand.

With a queer smile the fakir folded them together, and concealed them in his robes. Then he laid him down in the shadow of the broken wall, and fell into that profound slumber which sheer weariness lays upon the human brain, even in the midst of a thousand perils.

Without the city—over the valley upon the Ridge—a new commander had by now gathered the reins within his hands. Barnard’s successor, Reed, had retired in favour of Wilson—a fine officer, who had already made the mutineers fear him. But the times were bad, and our troops in a worse strait than ever they had been. For the rainy season had set in, with that sudden violence so characteristic of tropical changes. The weeks wore on, and nothing was done. These days were not in truth passed idly, for the attacks were, if anything, more numerous. The mutineers received daily reinforcements from the provinces, from Central India, from every part where garrisons had been quartered and stationed. And our troops could only stand and watch the enemy swarm like ants into the city.

From every part of India, and more especially from the Punjab, came news almost daily, which kept the minds of the besiegers actively employed. It seemed, indeed, that there were giants arising in the north; for the names of Edwardes, of John Nicholson, of Frederick Cooper—a deputy commissioner who

ordered two hundred and sixty men to be shot, and personally superintended the execution—were on all lips. Such tales as this went round the camp, and Harry Wylam hoped that the gods would give him such a chance of showing that he would shirk neither danger nor responsibility.

It was soon rumoured that Nicholson was coming from the Punjab to help them, and with that instinct which flashes through the brain of an army, as through the mind of one man, the troops on the Ridge discerned that a great leader was about to take command of them. Through the rank and file there seemed to pass a thrill of hope and energy. This man—the destined conqueror of Delhi—seemed to send before him a mental wave of strength and purpose, generated in the stern depths of his own heart, sweeping out over all who followed him, who came nigh unto him, the genius of command.

At this time also, when hope seemed to have sprung up from nothing on every side, strange rumours were current in the camp. It was known that more reliable news was filtering out of the stronghold of the mutineers—news of confusion and strife within the walls—of failing spirit and internal differences among the leaders of the Mutiny. These voices were vague and indefinite, but with one accord they seemed to whisper that the interior of Delhi and all that was passing there were no longer closed pages to the British leaders.

And suddenly men began to whisper to each other, as they looked across the valley towards the domes and minarets of the impregnable stronghold with a new interest—with a queer longing look of wonder in their weary eyes.

And that which they whispered to each other was:

‘There is an Englishman in Delhi! There is an English officer in disguise in Delhi!’

CHAPTER XIX.

WAR.

HARRY had the honour of sitting at table with Nicholson the night after his arrival from the north, and talked of the brilliant gathering to the end of his life. The great commander—not so long ago a poor captain of the line—was himself the gravest soldier present, and by his chilly manner awed even Harry, as he himself

confessed, into silence. There was something lion-like and still, the subaltern said, about the greatest chief he had ever served under, something large and strong which seemed to raise him above his fellows. The merriest wits, the most reckless young fire-eaters—and we may be sure that Harry was among these—were gradually silenced, and that which had begun a gay feast ended solemnly.

Almost immediately, as if this man had the power of moving events, a greater activity was noticeable in Delhi. The siege train was daily expected. At last this weary delay was to be settled one way or the other. An assault would be somewhat of a forlorn hope, and yet Nicholson seemed just the man to lead such attempts. Delhi was almost impregnable. But Nicholson was—or seemed to be—unconquerable. The air was big with coming events.

Within the city it was certain that some great movement was afoot, and the besiegers listened to the sounds of the drums and gongs, to the ringing of the bells, to the rumble of big guns through the streets with an increasing uneasiness. Then came the news, clear and concise, from that unknown source within the walls, that a great army was to move out with the object of intercepting the siege-train. The big guns, it was known, were coming north with a very insufficient guard. The mutineers soon heard of it, and with one of the strokes of good generalship which at intervals distinguished their campaign, determined to take advantage of the weakness of the British convoy.

It is a matter of history that Nicholson, sure of the reliability of his information, took two thousand men and went out to meet the foe, fighting the battle of Najufgarh, in which signal victory Harry was fortunate enough to bear a sword and escape uninjured.

Early in September the siege train arrived, and its advent was celebrated by high and low with wild excitement. It seemed now certain that General Wilson would deliver the assault; and first to urge this daring attempt was Baird-Smith, the great chief of the Engineers. The work of constructing new batteries was carried on in face of immense difficulty by night, and under a galling fire by day; and at last, towards the middle of the month, the work, all incomplete and insufficient indeed, was pronounced satisfactory enough for the purpose.

All knew that an end was drawing nigh, and in the city there seemed to dwell a hush as if of misgiving. The guns were worked steadily enough, but the manner of the mutineers' warfare was now

more distinctly on the defensive than ever it had been. It was as if they had begun at last to fear their foes.

Harry worked in Brind's Battery—number one—as it was called, and was among those surprised there by the enemy on the morning of September 8, when the dawn found the work incomplete and but one gun mounted. He continued to work under fire, and was again mentioned for his daring and cheerful example to the men.

Finally, on the morning of the fourteenth, he was given a company of Pathans—wild warriors, as fair in face as he himself—with which to play his little part in the assault. He moved out to his place in the third column, trembling with that wild excitement which surely has no equal in human emotions—the thirst for battle. Under Colonel Campbell, Harry was ordered to enter the city by the Cashmere Gate, which was to be blown open. This act of daring was accomplished unseen by Harry, who himself had volunteered to carry a bag of powder across the plankless bridge. The explosion was the signal for the advance, which was greeted with a wild shout, and Harry found himself at last within the walls of Delhi. Here in the narrow streets ensued a fight upon which the historian will scarcely care to dwell; for the long pent-up fury of the men broke all bounds of humanity, and their officers scarce sought to restrain them. Women, indeed, were spared, but boys and old men, bearing no sort of arm, were cut down ruthlessly. Peaceful citizens, coming trembling to their doors to welcome their deliverers from the horrors of anarchy and licentiousness, were bayoneted on their own thresholds, because their faces were black. It was indeed impossible to distinguish between friend and foe, and the deadly fire from the windows of the houses was some excuse for the bitter retaliation wreaked upon old and young. A thousand deeds of heroism, as well as many acts of fury and revenge, were done by individual fighters: for this was a soldier's battle in the narrow streets of Delhi.

Foremost among the stormers in the third column was Harry Wylam—wild with excitement—hoarse and almost voiceless—his clothes torn, his helmet thrown aside. He had been among the first to pass beneath the ruined gateway, and since then his men had scarce been able to keep pace with him. He could no longer shout to them to come on, for his voice had broken. He swept on—bloodstained, silent—killing—killing all he met, an avenging fury.

The fire of the big guns had ceased, for Nicholson's column

was in the Cashmere breach fighting its way into the city. The artillery on the Ridge must needs hold their fire, watching the walls of the city, where the smoke hung motionless like a cloud, where the rattle of musketry fire never ceased.

Campbell's men pressed forward, following their officers towards the Chandnee Chouk—the broadest thoroughfare in the city—where discipline would be able to assert its superiority over untrained numbers.

Harry had left his men some yards behind. He was almost alone at the turning of a long narrow street. He paused, uncertain which might be his way, for he had never been in Delhi before, and as he stood irresolute he saw one of the enemy running towards him sword in hand. In a flash of thought Harry recognised the fakir with whom he had fought at the door of the mosque some weeks earlier.

Harry's blood was up. He was ready for any foe, and this one was worthy of steel that had done such execution during the last half-hour. Without waiting for his men he ran forward to meet his ancient foe, who was waving his sword with a gesture startlingly familiar. It was the infantry signal to halt.

Half blinded by fury Harry ran forward—any black face had the power to make him mad. He raised his sword, and rushed upon the fakir, who turned aside the crashing blow and stepped back.

'Harry—you d——d fool!' he said.

'Marqueray—by Heaven!'

'Yes—of course!' answered the other. 'Where are your men! This way—there are forty pandies in a house down this alley—men from Cawnpore, Harry—come on! They are Cawnpore men!—Cawnpore!'

Harry followed—forgetting his surprise in the mad infection of battle. Marqueray's voice, usually so quiet, had something in it that moved Harry to fierce joy. Here was one who loved fighting as he loved it—whose quiet blood was stirred to a fury as wild as his own.

Followed only by three men they dashed down the alley and into the house indicated by Marqueray. The three were Englishmen—not of Harry's company.

When the sepoys, huddled together in one room, saw Marqueray, followed closely by Harry, they gave a sort of wail—a cry of abject terror. In that dwelling in a quiet alley between the Cashmere Gate and the Chandnee Chouk, those five Englishmen

scored out their Cawnpore. When they emerged from the house and followed the men of the third attacking column all was still within.

The third column penetrated as far as the great tree-bordered thoroughfare, where they found themselves alone—almost within musket shot of the magazine and the bank and the king's palace, which places were held by the enemy for many days longer. The other assaulting columns had not succeeded so well—their difficulties had indeed been infinitely greater. For a few minutes Campbell waited, and fully aware of the immense peril of his position retreated at length to the church.

Marquerey had in the meantime disappeared. He had undertaken the perilous task of penetrating through the city to Nicholson, the leader of the assault, to communicate to him the position of the third column. Harry grumbled loudly enough at the retreat, which prudent step was by no means agreeable to many another in the successful detachment. There was, however, no help for it, and as he reluctantly turned his back upon the enemy, who kept up a nasty fire from a hundred hidden points of vantage—he suddenly dropped, hit by a bullet in the groin.

Marquerey made his way through the terror-stricken city, with what intrepidity may be imagined, for at every turn a new danger awaited him. The sepoy were half-mad with fear, and those who kept their courage, deeming all law and order at an end, gave themselves up freely to riot and disorder.

When the Englishman reached the Lahore bastion, whither the sound of continuous firing led him, he found that stronghold still in the hands of the enemy, as it remained for some days. Moreover, he had the mortification of looking upon the backs of his countrymen as these retreated, abandoning the attempt to storm the bastion.

By a circuitous route he gained that portion of the wall held by the British, and hurriedly made himself known. The first words of his own language to cross his ears were depressing enough—the hopeless password of the moment.

'Nicholson is dead! Nicholson is killed!'

The first sight he ever had of the great leader—and the last—was a glimpse obtained of the stern face and stricken form, as they bore John Nicholson back to the British lines to die. It would seem that even the greatest of men are destined to accomplish no more than half of the tasks they attempt—for

Nicholson, shot through the chest when in the act of leading a wild dash for the Lahore bastion, fell, knowing full well that Delhi was not yet taken. He had, indeed, effected an entry. The assault had been successful in so far as the Cashmere Gate had been destroyed and the breach carried. But the city was not half taken, for the strongest positions in it were still held by the enemy.

Nicholson—fiery and reckless, a consummate leader—all-seeing and resourceful, a perfect general—groaned as they bore him away. He looked with a sort of wonder in his stricken eyes at the tall fakir, bloodstained, black with powder and dust, and never knew him for the fellow-officer who had played a great unknown part in the great day's work.

Night came upon the city, and in the dark each party worked to strengthen its position. Barricades were thrown up by the English—communication was kept open between the various columns. A footing had been established, a victory, indeed, gained, but at what a cost! Twelve hundred officers and men had fallen. Nicholson was mortally wounded. His name is written indelibly in the history of our Eastern Empire, but because his wonderful career was short—because he played his part upon a crowded stage—the record of his achievements has never been a household story in England.

In the land of his adoption—the vast state for which he lived, dared, and died—his name will never be forgotten. There he is worshipped to-day, literally as a god. The wild tribesmen of the frontier tell that the hoof-beat of his horse may be heard nightly in the Peshawur valley, and the sound will never cease until the rule of the English is at an end.

It was only on the third day that Phillip Lamond succeeded in entering the city. He was in company with other civilians and volunteers, having business legitimate or otherwise in Delhi.

His knowledge of the intricate streets was made known to those in command, and duly turned to account. In the attack on the bank on the third day he was deputed to guide an attacking party by a circuitous route, in order to effect a junction with the main force at work near the king's palace.

He arrived too late for the first attack, and had the mortification of seeing the position taken without the aid of the reinforcements under his guidance. The leaders of the assault came back to report their success to the General, who stood surrounded by

his staff. Among the victors Lamond perceived the fakir who had dogged him more than once.

'Here,' cried a staff officer behind Lamond, 'Marqueray, the General wants you!'

It was the fakir who obeyed the call.

'Marqueray!' exclaimed Lamond involuntarily, a thousand recollections whizzing through his brain.

'Yes, Marqueray,' replied the fakir, pausing for a moment and looking straight into his eyes.

The others fell back and unconsciously formed in line—a double line of brilliant soldiers, everyone of them bearing a name known to history. They stood forming a lane of bright uniforms, though some indeed were tarnished, and through this lane the fakir, Frederic Marqueray, tattered and dust-stained, footsore and bespattered with blood, passed in his flowing robes to salute his General.

CHAPTER XX.

INVALIDED.

HARRY'S wound took him back to Calcutta, and would, moreover, have justified an immediate return to England had he been minded to revisit that shore. But in truth he was not over-sure of the reception that awaited him there.

The Doctor spoke vaguely, after the manner of his kind, of the benefits of a sea voyage to one whose blood, being naturally of a high temperature, had become further heated by an indiscreet mode of life, followed closely by the fatigue and hardship of a long campaign.

'Oh, d——n it!' cried Harry to his adviser with a feeble reflex of his old masterful manner. 'Shall I get well in this country? Tell me that.'

The man of medicine looked at him.

'Yes,' he answered, 'if you obey my orders.'

Harry made a wry face, for he knew that this meant the satisfying of a thirst very natural in so hot a climate with plain soda-water or such stuff as lemonade.

'There's nobody at home,' he began—and paused, remembering Miriam's last letter, full of prim concern as to his safety, with a very womanly panic peeping out between the close-written lines ;

for the Brighton Academy had not succeeded in quite finishing this faithful heart.

'I am not in good odour at the Horse Guards,' said Harry, correcting himself. 'Got into a devil of a scrape, which they will hardly have forgotten yet.'

Lamond, who had at last returned to Calcutta from the north, where order was almost re-established, counselled Harry very strongly to remain in India, and had a thousand urgent reasons against his returning to England.

So Harry remained in Calcutta, and as his hurt began to mend his wild spirit returned to him. The Mutiny was quelled, and its passage had left a new India—the days of the Company were over, and the Governor-General had become the Queen's Viceroy.

High and low alike had been stepping upward. Promotion seemed to be within reach of all. Marqueray, Harry heard, was now a Colonel, doing great deeds under Sir Colin Campbell in the North-West. Many younger men than Harry were Majors, whilst he remained Captain Wylam.

It was not in his nature to grudge others the honours they had won by bravery or owed to fortune; but he aired his own grievances frankly enough.

'Like my luck,' he said. 'Barnard was devilish fond of me. He would have got me something good, but he died. The other fellows didn't take to me. A prim lot they were.'

In the rush of promotion and the general distribution of honours some thought it rather marked that Harry Wylam should be overlooked, but the victim himself swore heartily enough when he thought of his grievances, and at other times forgot them.

So soon as his health was in part restored to him he began again his wild ways, and those frequenting the sporting clubs found him as jolly a companion as could be desired. For he had money to fling away, and flung royally on green cloth or sward, where there were plenty waiting to gather it up. Nor did these gentlemen pause to inquire the source from whence Harry's riches came. They did not even know Phillip Lamond. They were a jolly open-handed set of fellows, such as in France are called hardy companions, and scorned all tittle-tattle that savoured of gossip. When they had money, which was not often, they spent it freely enough—when the other fellow had the gold they took it as happily, and did not care to inquire how long it would last.

The day came when Harry's portion was again at an end. Lamond had divided with a scrupulous care the proceeds of their joint expedition, and that which fell to Harry's share would have been a moderate fortune to most men. But Harry Wylam was not of those that keep with too close a care either the law, money, or their counsel. And the wealth which the fakir had almost sold his life to defend soon vanished at the gambling table.

'Rum old chap, Marks,' Harry was wont to exclaim at this time, whenever there was mention of that distinguished officer. And the more he thought over the incident at the mosque the less he understood it.

Lamond also seemed shy of referring to that exploit, and was at pains to curb Harry's loquaciousness whenever Delhi came under discussion. The elder man still attempted to exercise some control over the wild young officer, and when he failed, which he invariably did, took his reverse with his usual lazy indifference, as if it did not much matter.

To such a life as Harry was leading there is only one end, and this came soon enough—it was the end of his money. And the watchful Lamond was in the room when Harry threw his last stake upon the table and lost it.

'There,' cried Harry, rising from his chair and looking down at the eager faces of his fellow-gamblers with bloodshot eyes. 'There, I'm cleared out, that's the last of two fortunes.'

He gave a short reckless laugh and turned away; for he had too much spirit to grumble at his luck now. He had played a bold game. Perhaps he had foreseen the end. At all events he faced it with the spirit of an Englishman.

There was a little silence. And one thick-voiced player said, 'Better luck next time, Harry!'

Harry was gone to the window, where he stood looking out into the night. The dawn was not far off. He turned, and the play had already begun again. There was silence in the room; and the cards, as they lightly fell on the polished table, seemed to be whispering to each other. Harry shrugged his shoulders, and walked out of the room without noticing Lamond, who stood apparently watching the play at another table. It is to be feared that the young soldier's gait was not too steady.

After a minute Lamond followed him, and ten minutes later it was Lamond who wrenched a pistol from Harry's hand, and threw it into the corner of the comfortless bedroom, whither the young fellow had gone to hide himself like a stricken dog.

'None of that,' said Lamond, aroused for a moment only from his impassiveness. 'None of that, my boy.'

'Why not?' muttered Harry, sitting heavily down on his bed, heedless of the mosquito curtain which he tore from its frail fastening, so that it fell over him like a cloak, 'D——n this curtain. Why not? It is nobody's business but my own.'

He held his weary head and looked round the room, which was feebly lighted by a candle flickering in the breeze that was stirring before the dawn. His eyes had no light of comprehension. He was of those who look, but do not perceive. He never saw the faded miniature of Miriam, who smiled, with her head posed conventionally, from a frame suspended on the wall.

Lamond however saw it. It was the first time he had penetrated to Harry's bedroom.

'It is nobody's business but my own,' went on Harry with the dull aggressiveness of one whose brain is no longer to be excited by alcohol.

'We'll talk about that to-morrow,' answered Lamond, who was mixing something in a tumbler at the washing-stand.

'Drink this, and don't make an ass of yourself.'

Harry's dull eyes flashed for a moment. He looked up into the steady quiet face of Phillip Lamond—the man who was never roused—and he took the draught. It was an opiate, and presently Harry was sleeping quietly.

Lamond moved about the room, noiselessly arranging the mosquito curtain over Harry, who lay all dressed upon his bed. He took the candle and carried it to the miniature upon the wall, which he studied with grave face. Then he laid his spare form down to rest on a long chair, and closed his eyes.

The morning light found them thus, and Phillip Lamond's life looked the better of the two. For Harry was pale, with patches of lurid colour in his cheeks. It is dangerous to play with even the strongest constitution in India.

Lamond was awake first, and went to the bathroom adjoining Harry's bedchamber, from which retirement he presently emerged fresh and alert. He did not wake Harry, but passed the time in writing a letter on that young gentleman's note paper with a pen which scratched aloud, and displayed every sign of displeasure at being thus rudely set to work after an idle existence.

The missive was addressed to Miss Lamond, and before Harry

groaned and yawned himself into the consciousness of life, it was speeding down the river to the hand of Maria.

Harry opened his eyes at length—wary and bloodshot. They rested on the calm face of Phillip Lamond, without light and void for a few moments.

‘Ah!’ he said; ‘I remember.’

And he looked guiltily in the corner where the pistol still lay. He sat up slowly in bed, and his hand went to his brow.

‘You stopped me,’ he said, looking with a certain fascination in the direction of the firearm.

‘Yes, I stopped you,’ answered Lamond, who now picked up the pistol, and removing the percussion cap, slipped it into his pocket.

‘Then I think it was confoundedly interfering of you,’ said Harry, with a mirthless laugh. For his sense of humour never deserted him, even at the gravest moments of his life. Indeed, he had during his thirty years or so of life faced death with an unflinching mien so often that he could contemplate his escape from an ignominious end with recklessness.

It was the other man who wore a grave face, whose eyes bore a certain scared look as of one who had built a high castle and suddenly perceived a flaw in its foundation.

‘That may be,’ said Lamond seriously; ‘but I am not going to stand by idle any longer and see your father’s son go to the devil.’

‘Then you’ll have to shut your eyes,’ broke in Harry, who was still in a wild mood, ‘for that’s the way I’m going, sure enough. Luck is dead against me—nobody cares what happens to me, and I’m d——d if I do.’

‘That is not the truth,’ said Lamond steadily. ‘You’ve plenty of friends who would be ready enough to help you. If it’s money you want, I have a little of that which is at your disposal. If it is position, you have only to keep steady to secure that.’

‘Thanks, old fellow,’ said Harry, suddenly grave. ‘You are a trump. I always thought so, though others didn’t.’ At which Mr. Lamond shrugged his shoulders indifferently enough. ‘But I’m not going to take your money. I have not fallen so low as that yet. I can sell my commission, I suppose—or at the worst I can blow out my worthless brains.’

‘And break a woman’s heart,’ said Lamond quietly.

There was a little pause. Harry was sitting on his bed—a dishevelled, unshaven object—handsome still, despite his careless

dress. For he had slept in his clothes, and the man who has slept in his clothes starts the day sorely handicapped. He looked slowly up into Lamond's face. That gentleman was standing before him—his narrow and effeminate face a little pallid in the strong light of the tropic sun.

'A woman's heart—what the devil do you mean?'

There was a little twitch of the elder man's lips, which might have betokened a spasm of honest feeling.

'Ever since you came to this country you have been making love to Maria; not quite the straight thing, unless you meant honestly by an inexperienced young girl.'

For a moment Harry sat in amazement, as well he might. Many of us sit amazed when we see our own actions through the eyes of another. Phillip Lamond had said nothing but the truth, and yet it startled Harry strangely.

'I've no reason to think,' he said doggedly, 'that Maria cares for me any more than a dozen other fellows. What is there to care for in an unlucky beggar like me?'

'Ah, Harry,' answered Lamond with a short laugh, 'women see things in us that are not there. And I suppose we mostly return the compliment.'

He turned away and leant against Harry's somewhat rickety chest of drawers with a graceful nonchalance.

'Of course,' he said, 'I may be mistaken. I almost hope I am. A little over-anxiety is perhaps allowable to the father of a motherless girl—she is all I have now.'

And across the river of Death an airy sigh was wafted to the shade of Maria's mother, who had been a barmaid in Calcutta before she married Phillip Lamond, and settled steadily down—to drink.

'Maria has said nothing to me, of course; no girl would,' he went on. He broke off with an easy-going shrug. 'But I suppose young people must settle these things for themselves. Anyway, come down and stay with us a few days. You are in bad health. You are better out of town now that the hot weather is coming on. A little peace and quiet will set you up. I have business in the town. Pack up some traps, and I'll call for you after tiffin.'

With a nod he was gone, leaving Harry somewhat puzzled, and in the grip of a new feeling of shame and discomfort.

The heat of the day was over before Lamond returned in a palanquin. They embarked in his boat, which was waiting in the

harbour. On the voyage down the swift stream Harry was silent, and his companion seemed disinclined for conversation. They were both, perhaps, thinking of the first voyage they made together years earlier when Harry returned to India with all the world before him.

The little bungalow looked cool and peaceful in the quiet of the afternoon. In the verandah the new comers espied a white-clad form, gracefully reposing on a long cane chair. It was Maria, who presently rose and came across the parched lawn to meet them, looking very pretty, youthful and happy in the shade of the parasol she carried.

Lamond paused to give some order to his boatmen. Harry and Maria walked slowly back to the verandah together. With a pretty little movement of familiarity which was quite sisterly she slipped her hand within his arm.

‘I am so glad you have come to see us again,’ she said.

To be continued.)

At the Sign of the Ship.

A RECENT biography, that of Cardinal Manning, has revived a question which can never be absolutely settled, for it is a question of degree. What is the precise duty of a Biographer? When Lockhart's *Life of Scott* was published, in 1837-38, a storm of abuse arose against both the historian and his hero. Lockhart was accused of blackening Scott's character. He had shown that Sir Walter was a bad man of business, in a business where he had no right to be. Every one knew that before. He had shown that Scott associated more than need be with the Ballantynes, hardly the right mates for him. He had told the story of how the sheriff sat on the treasured wine-glass of George IV. He had given one instance of deliberate rudeness to Lord Holland, arising out of a private grudge, and one of terribly severe judgment on another's fault. He had admitted, and explained, what many thought Sir Walter's extreme deference to rank. There, in a page of letter-paper, are the examples of blackening Scott's character. More were not given, there were, practically, no more to give. In a course of study recently imposed on me, I have detected just one instance of a foible of Scott's, which Lockhart generalised; he did not reproduce the details, which were extremely unimportant.

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The truth, and the whole of it, was told in this biography, and the wise world howled, as we may still read in Mr. Carlyle's essay. Mr. Carlyle, on the other side, praised a courageous blow dealt at a common form of cant. A biographer must be truthful or hold his hand altogether. I am informed that Mr. Carlyle insisted on the publication, by Mr. Froude, of some unhappy details about his own married life; they were published, and most of us remember, perhaps helped to swell, the hubbub. A very disagreeable theory of Mr. Carlyle became current; now, probably,

that theory is fading away. He had chosen to do a sort of public penance, like Dr. Johnson at Lichfield. He had chosen it, but, if he had not, would it have been Mr. Froude's duty, as a biographer, to give such a large exhibition of blots? Did truth demand all these domestic janglings? I venture to think not, for truth of representation must always be a compromise. Details can only be introduced in such measure as will not mischievously affect the truth of the likeness as a whole. In Mr. Carlyle's case every wart was photographed, as it were; even Cromwell would not have insisted on that sort of accuracy.

* * *

Mr. W. B. Scott, that amiable chronicler, once (he says), when a boy, saw Sir Walter. He saw him in a passion, and heard him swear profane, an offence of which, his intimates avow, he was rarely guilty. Had Mr. W. B. Scott written his namesake's Life, he would have been on the outlook for profanity. If he found 'a swear word' in a letter, that letter he would have published, however otherwise unessential. Sir Walter would have gone down to posterity with the florid eloquence of our troops in Flanders. This is only an example of the difficulties of the biographic art. A man forms, perhaps unconsciously, an idea of his subject, and that idea dominates the portrait which he draws. Quite unintentionally he selects all that bears out his theory, and he has a tendency to omit a good deal of what makes against it. This must occur in all art, and if Sir E. B. Jones took to portrait painting, probably his favourite type of face would be conferred on his sitters. A blustering genial biographer would have made Scott as noisy as Professor Wilson; a sentimental biographer would have made him a man with a broken heart, badly mended. Why did Scott work so hard, and spend so much? Obviously in the endeavour to forget Lady Forbes! Neither portrait would have been accurate; either theory might have been plausibly supported. It is in this direction that a biographer who did not know his subject, or knew him but slightly, is most certain to err. Like jesting Pilate we ask 'What is Truth?' Actual, absolute, full-bodied truth is unattainable. A letter or two, a page of a diary, may upset, in fact, our theory of a life. We can never know, in such case, that such letters or pages have not existed, though they may be inaccessible. At best we work in a twilight.

* * *

Let us take the extreme case that a biographer discovers a single action in an honourable life in which his hero 'sails near the wind.' Nothing ill came of it, or nothing any longer traceable. Does truth compel the biographer to drag this fact (of which, at most, he has only an inkling) into the central light? Must he dwell on it in a fervour of reproach? No doubt the question may be answered either way, but on the whole, as a biographer is not precisely the Recording Angel, I think he may let the matter slip by. If he does not it will be pounced upon, and made the chief topic of remark, and so, for awhile at least, the general effect of the portrait will be lost. The fault will swell blackly all over the canvas, like the genie steaming out of his vase in the *Arabian Nights*. Nothing but this fault will be visible, yet it obviously occupied no such prominent place in the life, and did not indicate the general temper and conduct of the hero.

* *

Another limit on 'the whole truth' is placed by the feelings of other people. Your hero says in his letters this or that about the Rev. Tom, Sir Dick, my Lord Harry. His remarks illustrate his character. You have *that* excuse for bringing them in; you may also believe that his observations are accurate. But you are not writing the lives of the persons commented upon, who may have left a reputation dear to many, and descendants in the land. Undoubtedly a biographer must deny himself the pleasure of printing these entertaining passages, if he happens to be a gentleman. It may be hard on him and on the public, but the taboo ought to be observed. 'Poor, greedy, pigeoning devil,' says the hero, about an interesting person. I choose an actual example. The truth does not compel a biographer to publish these comments, with the poor devil's name.

* *

A recent biography appears to have fluttered some estimable dovescots, and stirred up a number of sleeping embers into a lively flame. This may have been demanded by the theory of 'all the truth,' but there is an easy remedy for the trouble. There is no absolute occasion for saying anything at all in a hurry. When a notable person is recently dead it is not an inevitable duty to publish all his correspondence and diaries. They can slumber comfortably in a vault of the British Museum till Time quiets passions *pulveris exigui jactu*.

* *

In support of the notion that Truth need not be too hard a task-mistress, too exacting, take Lockhart's own conduct. About Scott he told everything, for the few darker spots only increased the general brilliance of the lights, and prevented the exhibition of an impossible, impeccable statue in alabaster. But, in his Life of Burns, Lockhart, in spite of theory, did *not* tell all, or nearly all, that he knew, or surmised, or had been told. He generalised, for many were living to whom the whole truth would have been a needless infliction of pain. In such cases, to generalise is quite enough. We know at least enough about Coleridge and Byron, without a note of every dose of laudanum and every amour. I even go so far as to think that we have lately been allowed to hear too much of Mr. Pepys's autobiographic babble. It was easy to spare some of his confessions; I admit that I had thought Mr. Pepys a more manly libertine, and could willingly have remained in ignorance. His character, all the characters of interesting persons long ago with Tullus and Ancus, are part of our stock of pleasure in life. If I discovered, *per impossibile*, that Jeanne d'Arc ever did a wrong thing, my duty to the stock of human pleasure would outweigh my duty to the truth. 'Never mind the truth' would be my motto; 'perhaps there is some mistake somewhere.' Or suppose, also *per impossibile*, that one discovered a cheque forged by Burns. One would destroy it and say nothing about it. A biographer is not a detective—he is not presiding at the Day of Judgment. These ideas will be considered immoral. Many French authors try (quite in vain) to prove that Molière married the daughter of his mistress. This kind of spirit seems to be not uncommon, at present, among biographers, a class which Mr. Carlyle thought used to be so 'mealy-mouthed.' Poor Highland Mary is harried in her modest resting-place, 'washed by the western wave.' One thing we do know very well about her—namely, that Burns wanted nothing to be known. She had lived and he had loved her; there he manifestly desired that information should cease, and Lockhart has actually been blamed for leaving it there. Of all the duties of a biographer, one can regard none more stringent than respect to the secrets of his subject. If he can, he should burn and obliterate; if he cannot, he should forget. Yet if a letter of Burns's to Highland Mary, clearing up all that he desired to remain concealed (if anything is left) could be found, the devotees of Burns (as a rule) would make haste to publish the epistle. Of all cant 'the public has a right to know' is the most odious. The public has not a right to know. The greater a

man is, the more he has done for us, the less right have we to pry into his secrets. Byron, apparently, did not want his famous burned Memoirs to be secret, and the destruction of them was a strong measure. But, as certainly, Keats did not mean his love-letters to be published. A biographer at this distance of time might read them and give his account of the general impression which they convey as to Keats's health and mental condition.

* * *

Because a man is dead, we should not regard him as deprived of all human rights. A biographer should try to write as if he were in the sacred presence of the dead. His actions are to be criticised, his motives analysed, his faults censured, but his secrets are to be respected. 'How would you like it yourself?' we may ask the publishers of documents like the letters of Keats. One is not speaking of the secrets of dead politicians, which no longer affect the living. If we can find out Junius, if we can unearth a letter of Marlborough's to the King over the water, let us do so by all means. But the love-letters of a dying poet are on a totally different level.

* * *

On the whole, these remarks, if acted upon, would leave Truth alone in her well, on occasion, and would deprive biographers of a success of scandal, and the public of 'spicy revelations.' We should practise a certain 'economy,' and Truth, in biography, is a question of degrees, and shades, and *nuances*, not a thing hard and fast, blotched and glaring.²

* * *

In Mr. Gosse's amusing and instructive *Critical Kit-kats*¹ perhaps nothing is more curious and pleasing than the author's hunger and thirst after Poetry. He discovered Toru Dutt; that new planet swam into his ken on the car of a flimsy yellow pamphlet, in a newspaper office. And he still goes on discovering new poets at an age which (though not unprecedented even in post-diluvian times) is usually content with old poetry. How many poets I have 'discovered,' who never came to any good, except Mr. Kipling, revealed long ago to the Western world in the queerly framed first edition of *Departmental Ditties*! In England Mr. Gosse (almost in infancy) discovered M. José Maria de Herédia. I had heard the gentleman's name, and no more.

¹ Heinemann.

He was, it seems, the shyest of *Parnassiens*. After fifty years he collected *Les Trophées*, a history of the world in sonnets, as Mascarille's was a history of Rome in madrigals. It is not a history like Sir Walter Raleigh's, nor a rival of Mr. Herbert Spencer's works, but poetical moments in human evolution are selected. It is, I repeat, in sonnets. Seduced by the deplorable example of a hero of Murger's, I usually read only the rhymes in sonnets. But as M. José Maria de Herédia was elected to the French Academy on the score of his sonnets, while M. Zola cannot get in, with all his hundreds of editions, I must read *Les Trophées*. One is apt to fall behind the age in foreign poetry, we have so much of our own. A poet, any literary gentleman, who, in any field, has the better of the triumphant popular novelist deserves our gratitude. One would willingly 'carry a toast' to the French Academy, 'gentlemen unafraid,' who selected a poet in preference to a popular novelist. In England no Academy would have the courage. The Academy, like the Kremlin and the Vatican, stands firm in the waves of the popular. Honour to the Czar, the Pope, and the Forty Immortals! There is, after all, some good in an Academy, even though it passed over Molière, and Théophile Gautier, and Alexandre the Great.

* * *

Talking of him, there is a pretty American edition of Dumas's *Crimes Célebres*, translated by Mr. Burnham.¹ On page 60 Mr. Burnham says, as to the blowing up of Darnley, 'the explosion did not materialise.' Is this an Americanism? I have heard of spirits 'materialising' at a *séance*, heard incredulously, but never of an explosion that materialised. Here is another really funny phrase. Douglas, at Loch Leven, 'throws the keys to the Kelpie's keeping.' The American author renders his remark thus: 'These I will *donate* to the Kelpie, the genius of the lake.' Donate!

* * *

Mr. Gosse corrects me in a vaguely remembered anecdote about Mr. Stevenson's attempt to defray part of the price of a ticket to Scotland, by proffering a copy of Mr. Swinburne's *Queen Mother*. He may be right, but the anecdote included a silver-mounted pipe, a female tobacconist, and a Bath bun. Among his unpublished books was one, in which I was to collaborate, wherein

¹ Nichols.

the Haunted House in Berkeley Square played a part. Nobody has left so many unwritten books. As to the Red Barn murder, if he had ever examined the evidence, he would have found the dream a very shaky article. The mother of the victim knew that her daughter was last seen going into the Red Barn. It did not need the Subliminal Self to suggest, asleep or awake, that in the Red Barn the girl's cold remains would probably be found. Mr. Gosse omits the contributions to *London*, that queer unheard-of serial, in which Mr. Stevenson, by his *New Arabian Nights*, proved himself a story-teller. The lost *Vendetta in the West* was not his first novel; he had written, and I presume burned, *Rathillet*, and other tales. He lost a portmanteau full of MSS. once, if I rightly remember, in the Highlands. It is a high proof of Mr. Stevenson's loyalty in friendship that, with a span so manifestly limited, so many interruptions, and so many projects, he gave his valuable time and labour to a Life of a scientific friend.

* * *

When I recently, in the March number, pretended not to know where the quotation 'Life is real, life is earnest' occurs, gentlemen and ladies hastened to inform me that the line is by Longfellow. You shall find it in his *Psalm of Life*, with an unequalled collection of other absurdities. *Aliquando bonus dormitat Longfellow*. This fact was well known to me, and, as I thought, to everybody. I wrote in the figure called *Irony*, from a Greek word. But from Dundee (where one expects it) to Plymouth correspondents took it seriously. Only one detected and pointed out the egregious constellation of blunders exposed in the following note:—

HONOUR SCHOOLS.

PICKWICK.

i. 'To many persons the Oxford Movement is all that tobacco was to Mr. Smawkin, "meat and drink," to which Mr. Pickwick thought he might have added "washing."'

Correct the mistakes in the above quotation, hazarding any conjecture as to their possible origin; and give as full a list as you can of the people who were present when the above reflection suggested itself to Mr. Pickwick.

There is no such character as Smawkin, which is possibly

compounded of Smauker (who introduced Sam into the company at the Bath swarry) and Smangle, in the Fleet. This gentleman offered the assistance of his washerwoman to Mr. P. ('and, by Jove, how devilish lucky, this is the very day she calls!'), but Sam, 'afeered that Smangle's little box must be chock full of your own as it is,' accompanied his remark with such a very expressive glance at that portion of Mr. Smangle's attire by which the skill of laundresses is generally tested, that that gentleman was fain to turn upon his heel discomfited, and give up his design upon Mr. Pickwick's wardrobe.

'It is possible the writer of the quotation had the above episode in his mind, but the reflection in the question really occurred to Mr. Pickwick at the Magpie and Stump, and refers to the gentleman on his right (name not given) with a checked shirt, mosaic studs, and a cigar in his mouth. Others present were Lowten, the principal character, also Jack Bamber—Samkin and Green's managing clerk—Smithers and Price's Chancery, and Pimkin and Thomas's out o' door, and Mr. Grundy, who wouldn't oblige the company with a song.'

* * *

These are the rebukes of a friend. One is glad that somebody still knows his *Pickwick*. It is a dreadful warning against the practice of quoting from memory. Scott did it always, so did Plato and Aristotle, and these sages misquoted Homer, while Scott misquoted Wordsworth and made him very cross. On other occasions Scott remembered too much. He confesses to one or two unconscious plagiarisms, but the following anecdote is new.

* * *

Sir Walter's friend, Mr. Rose, had a valet named Hinves, a great character and a great favourite with the *literati*. Hinves was himself a poet. One day he rushed, in an unsummoned and unvaletlike manner, into the presence of his master with a copy of a new poem of Scott's in his hand. 'Oh, sir,' he cried, 'Sir Walter has taken two of my best lines!' in *Halidon Hill*, and there was no denying the fact. Sir Walter had, of course unconsciously, been plagiarising from his friend's valet. How he soothed and pacified Hinves we know not, but such are the results of having a good but capricious memory. I forget what poet said that if ever he made a good line it at once seemed to him to be a thing immeasurably old and somebody else's. Perhaps all poetry

exists in the world of Ideas—poets remember and do not create it, and Sir Walter and Hinves happened to remember the same couplet.

* * *

If Dickens is forgotten, so is another old favourite of the public's—Byron. I am glad to see that Mr. Henley is about to edit the whole of Byron's prose and verse. 'He's not so much asked for as the other poets,' a country bookseller told me lately. Mr. Henley, if he is the author of a manifesto announcing the works of Byron, appears to think that a reaction in the noble poet's favour has set in, or must set in. This is not my own opinion. *Lara* and the *Giaour* and *Alp* have frowned and strutted, ogled and despaired to a rapidly decreasing audience. Byron, in vulgar language, is enduring a 'frost,' a winter of eternal ice. Any new scandals about Childe Harold would, of course, be welcomed, but *Lara* and Co. are nearly extinct. The *Zeitgeist* set in hard against Byron about 1840. As a boy, capable of reading all sorts of poetry, Byron bored me dreadfully, and as, for all I knew, he had a splendid reputation, it must have been the *Zeitgeist* that made him appear so tedious, false, theatrical, and inharmonious. Mr. Swinburne appears to be of this opinion; Mr. Henley and the Poet Laureate are of the opposite mind. Of course, Byron, like Shakspeare, was 'a clayver man.' That is manifest even in his poems, the *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, the *Vision of Judgment*, *Don Juan*, and so on; his Letters would suffice if his poetry were dead and actually buried. I have recently read his Letters again. What a character! There is no use in preaching about Byron; with such a mother, such an education, with madness and crime in his blood, spoiled for his beauty by women, he was fated to be what, in fact, he was. He knew a good man when he saw him, he loved Shelley and Scott. But when Mr. Stevenson said that Napoleon, Byron, and Another were 'cads,' one may deplore his unpolished language and hasty censure. Yet one knows what he meant. When Mr. Henley's edition is ready we shall see whether he or Mr. Swinburne represents public opinion, right or wrong. The interest in Byron, as a man, can never cease, and part of the problem is to account for the strength of the reaction against the views of his contemporaries. Can we, his non-admirers, be right as against Scott and Goethe, all the England and all the world of his day? Mr. Henley will find something very curious in the Preface to the second edition of Leigh Hunt's *Byron and*

his *Contemporaries*. It may not increase his respect for Leigh Hunt. The *Quarterly* review of Mr. Hunt is also useful, and I believe that there is a singular pamphlet of 1820 or 1821, *Letter from John Bull to Lord Byron*. The pamphletage, as it were, of the subject must be vast, and the labour in front of Byron's editor is enormous. The greater is the glory.

* * *

In turning over Mr. Froude's *Carlyle*, I noted that the Hero had a genealogy, 'an ell of genealogy,' as a great biographer says. Having been permitted to examine it, by the kindness of its present owner, I find that it was *not* made, by a Dumfries antiquary, to glorify Mr. Carlyle. He only appeared in it by way of accident. Beginning about 1030 the pedigree passes through the noble family of Torthorwald, and from this, by about six obscure descents, Mr. Carlyle sprang. In 1449, in the *Leges Marchiarum*, I find *Walterus Scott*, and *Willielmus Carlille* in the same list of Border gentry, and *Thomas Carlyle*, with *Albany Fetherstonehaugh* (slain by Hardriding Dick and Will o' the Wa', in the Surtees ballad), in a list of the sixth year of Edward VI. The *Leges* were compiled in 1746, when the author, the Bishop of Carlisle, was much alarmed by the Highlanders. The ancestors of the two great Scottish writers may have driven kye together, or driven away each other's kye, as, in Harden's case, is extremely probable. Mr. Carlyle, I believe, was himself of this picturesque opinion.

ANDREW LANG.

